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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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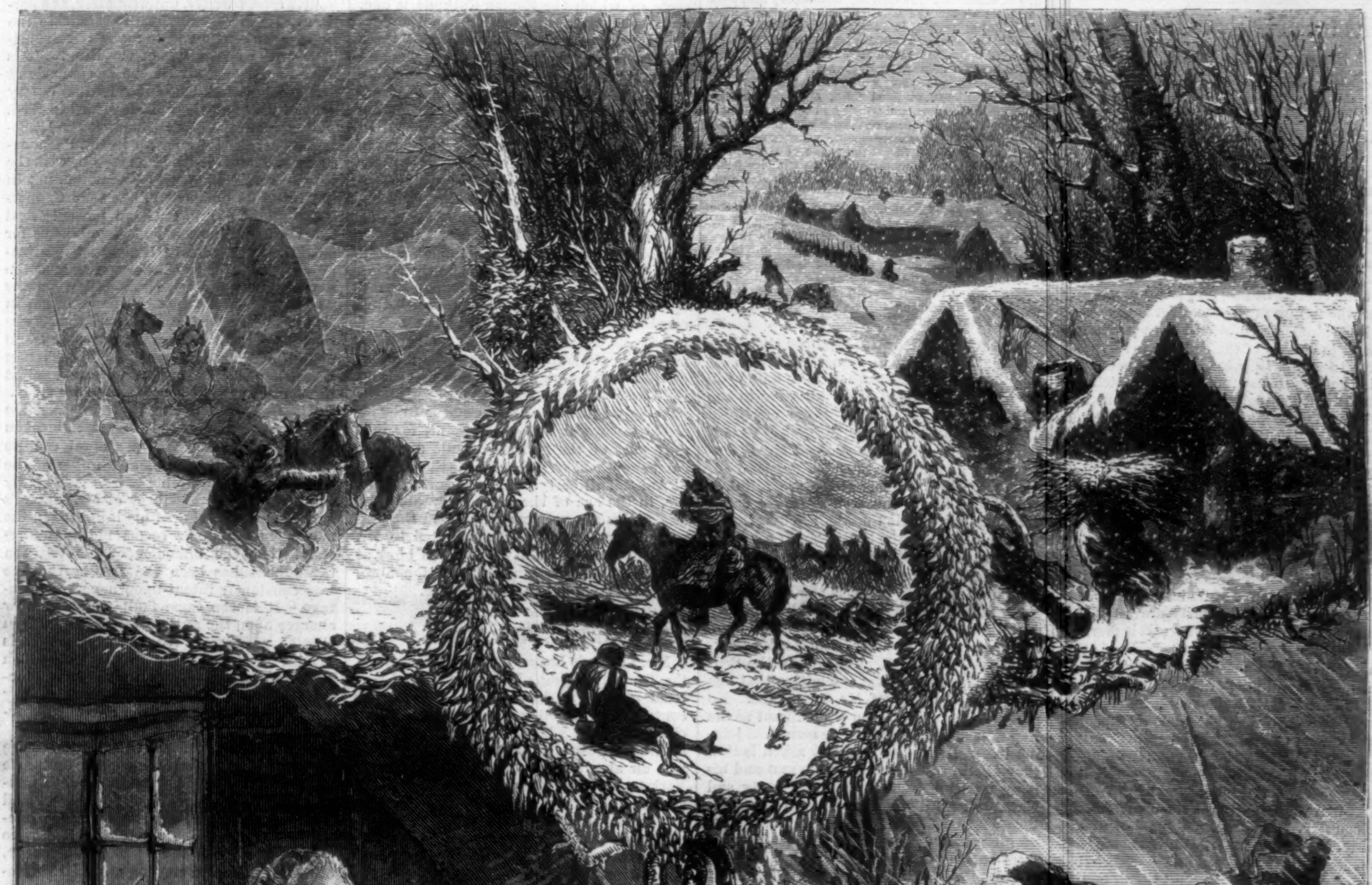

C. S. REINHART del.

WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE—WINTER OF 1777-8.—[See Poem on next Page.]

## WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE.

[See Illustration on First Page.]

O noble heart! that ne'er from duty swerved,
Nor thought of self through all the weary hours!
O noble life! that did for others live,
And for our nation gave its wondrous powers!
There were dark days, when clouds the sunshine hid,
And laid upon that heart a load of care;
But yet unshaken through the storm it stood,
Nor bowed itself save for new strength—in prayer!

And there were days of toil—of weary march
Through winter's snow and sleet, when hearts, though sad,
Pressed on, cheered by the voice of him who led—
The noblest chief that ever soldier had!
When destitution came upon them all,
And with it murmurs of their sore distress,
Ah! then he lent *his* strength their own to aid,
Nor failed in aught of brother's tenderness.

O days long past! that held his glorious life!
We hold with joy the precious legacy
Of his great name! the name of Washington!
And by each tongue that name must honored be;
And as through clouds of sorrow and dismay
Men looked to him as to their guiding star,
So we within our hearts his memory hold,
Nor with disloyal breath its brightness mar!

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 1, 1873.

## REPUBLICAN DUTY.

THAT there will be a concerted effort upon the part of the opposition to identify the discredit of the Crédit Mobilier and of the Kansas Senators with the Republican party is already evident. The Democratic Convention of Connecticut has sounded the key-note. The cry is to be that radicalism is rascality, and the proof is to be the disclosures of the investigating committees. But the effort will fail, and for two reasons: first, the nature of the case; for the conduct of individuals can not and does not in the honest judgment of the country involve the party to which they belong; and secondly, it is the Republican party itself which authorizes and conducts the investigations, and which will undoubtedly punish all proved offenders. It is a most painful fact, as we remark elsewhere, that Republican legislators in New York, for instance, should have been bribed by Tweed and the Tammany Ring. But nobody is surprised that venal men attach themselves to a dominant party, and sometimes intrigue themselves into place. The party, meanwhile, is judged by its principles, by its policy and tendency, and by the general character of its membership.

If the principles of a party are lofty and generous and wise—if its progress is marked by great and beneficent measures—if it is supported by the most intelligent, industrious, and moral part of the population—if it is in harmony with the genius and character of our institutions, the faults of conspicuous leaders, while they grieve the country, do not drive it into the arms of the opposition, and nothing but the plain perception that the party policy is directed by unworthy chiefs will alienate from it the confidence of the country. Thus when it is shown that Messrs. Pomeroy and Caldwell are corrupt, Republicans expect and demand that the party majority in the Senate will punish them as they deserve. But should it appear that, being corrupt, such persons control the action of the party, the party itself would be deserted by honest men.

There is a treacherous timidity which says that a party must not let its members be hunted down by the opposition, meaning that the party must protect them at all hazards. But this is a counsel that betrays both the party and the cause. Nothing ruins popular confidence in a party so swiftly as the perception that it fears to deal with dishonesty in its own ranks. Here, for instance, in the Senate is the case of Mr. Caldwell, of Kansas. The testimony of corruption is direct and almost conclusive. He submits a statement in reply, and when asked by the chairman of the committee if he is willing to swear to it, he says no. Probably nobody who has read the evidence doubts that he should be expelled. Which would injure the party more, to retain him or to expel him? Of course the details of evidence in the full report and the combination of circumstances may be such as to justify his acquittal. Let that be made plain, and the country will be satisfied.

For there should be no scape-goats and no yielding to what is called popular clamor. The expulsion of a member of Congress for corruption is a solemn declaration of dishonesty by the highest tribunal. Members are bound by every consideration of morality and humanity not to be swift or eager in such a judgment. They are not to sacrifice the character and career of any man because there "is a general impression of something wrong," or because "the party can not afford" to withstand the clamor. The thing that no party and no man can afford is doing injustice or countenancing dishonesty. And as the party should sustain the man against whom no offense is proved, however vociferous the clamor, so it should disavow him who is shown to be dishonest, however the timid may protest. Whether before the expiration of Congress on the 4th of March a proper inquiry could be made by the Senate into the case of Mr. Pomeroy is doubtful. But there is ample time for judgment in the case of Mr. Caldwell. It is certainly a painful fact that while proofs of dishonesty were accumulating against one of the Kansas Senators, the other should be denounced in the Legislature of the State as attempting by similar dishonesty to secure his re-election. Yet even in Kansas there is reason to believe that a better day is dawning.

On the 11th of April, 1861, the time when Mr. Pomeroy was first elected—as we learn from an unquestionable authority in the Rochester *Chronicle*—an article appeared in the *Daily Conservative* of Leavenworth, which said:

> "The means by which this verdict has been obtained form a melancholy commentary upon the virtue of republics, and afford a new occasion for the exclamation of Chancellor Oxenstiern, 'Behold, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed!' As a flash of lightning reveals in one evasive instant all the gloomy horrors of a broken landscape, so some of these votes illuminate with an instantaneous glare the whole horizon of a mean, depraved, and vicious nature, the dark recesses of self-contempt, the yawning chasms in honor, plighted faith, and noble shame which scar the heart, and which no charity can palliate, which no forgiveness can cover with the oblivion of flowers. Though success makes a Cæsar or a Catiline, and men soon forget the errors of the powerful, the patriot must contemplate with troubled heart the attainment of elevation by acts which strike directly at the foundations of those virtues without which a republic is impossible: the intimidation of the weak by threats; the compulsion of the simple by sophistries; the seduction of the mercenary by bribes. ....There are some men who fatten upon public calamities as the Esquimaux gorge themselves upon an occasional walrus—things of accident thrown to the surface during popular tumult, and left rotting upon the shore by the subsiding tide, till the reluctant senses compel a loathsome recognition."

The article ended with the hope that Kansas might one day be represented by men who have other claims than "the bullets of 1859 and the beans of 1861," alluding to the means which had carried those elections. The author of this article, John J. Ingalls, has now been elected to succeed Mr. Pomeroy, and in that result, as we are assured, his own hopes for his State are fulfilled. Those who know him well are most confident that his election marks the overthrow of the old era and the beginning of a better.

In the process of purification the country will not fail to observe that if the offenders have been Republicans, it is the Republican party which purifies. The Crédit Mobilier investigation was begun upon the motion of the Republican Speaker, and Mr. Morton, one of the leading Republicans in the Senate, is chairman of the committee that has charge of the case of Mr. Caldwell. No party which is so supremely dominant as the Republican can prevent loose men from joining it. All that can be fairly asked is that they shall not control it, as Tweed and his gang controlled the Democratic party and New York until the exposures of a Republican journal led to the union of honest men of all parties. Moreover, if the argument from persons is to be considered, it will not be forgotten that the Democratic leader of the House of Representatives is as much involved in the Crédit Mobilier as any Republican. But the attempt to make Democratic party capital from these events is futile so long as the Republican majority is cool and firm, and acts only upon proved facts, and then acts decisively.

## CHURCH AND STATE.

Mr. Benedict, in the Senate of New York, has introduced a bill to establish in the city of New York a truant and vagrant court, consisting of justices—one a Protestant and one a Roman Catholic—to be appointed by the Governor, and to hold office for fourteen years. All idle and truant children between the ages of five and twelve years found wandering about the streets of New York during school-hours, in the daytime or during the night-time, may be arrested and brought before the justices; and any vagrant child of Catholic parents may be sent to the Protectory at Westchester, and other children to Protestant institutions.

We presume that the report is unjust to the Senator. The State knows nothing of Protestant institutions and Catholic protectories. It defends the equal liberty of citizens of every religious faith, and stops there. But such a proposition as this proposes that the State shall select certain officers from two religious classes, the test being some kind of ecclesiastical profession. But to what protectory or sectarian institution are vagrant Jew children to be sent? For if the State is to recognize religious distinctions among citizens, it must not slight any. It has no more right to intrust a Jewish child to Catholic care, as such, than it has to commit Catholic children to Protestant care.

Moreover, if the lower judges are to be appointed by sectarian tests, let the same rule be applied to the higher. How shall the Court of Appeals be composed upon this principle? Shall it be proportionally to the numerical strength of sects as they appear in the census? Would it not be wise, for instance, to ordain that the Chief Justice must be a Methodist, and the clerk a Baptist? If the State is to regulate its appointments upon sectarian grounds, it will become a most persuasive preacher for the numerically powerful sects.

The report which mentions this remarkable suggestion speaks of Protestant as the converse of Catholic. This is a frequent error. There is no Protestant Church, as such. There are Protestant denominations. In the view of the Roman Church, indeed, which claims to be the original Christian Church, all other bodies are sects or "cut-offs" from its body. That is an ecclesiastical whim which is interesting only to those who hold it. In the view of the State, those of its members who profess the Christian religion are divided into various bodies, or sects, of which the Roman Catholic is one, and the Quakers are another, and the Seventh-day Baptists are another. But these sects, again, are separated by jealousies and differences of many kinds. If the Romanist objects to the ecclesiastical supervision of the Presbyterian, so the Presbyterian declines the religious care of the Episcopalian and the Methodist. If, therefore, the State proposes to appoint Romanist judges for some vagrant children, it must appoint Congregational and Baptist and Presbyterian and Mormon judges for others.

The bill attributed to Senator Benedict proposes precisely what the Roman priesthood in this country is constantly trying to persuade the people to do, namely, to recognize the different sects as entitled to consideration as such. That is, the Roman priesthood wishes to have certain citizens regarded as Catholics, and others as Baptists and Methodists, and not merely as citizens of whose religious faith the State knows nothing whatever. This design is to be resisted always and at every point, for it is only part of the general assault upon the common-school system, which is the bulwark of American liberty. The vagrant children are, in the eye of the State, vagrants only, as paupers are paupers only; and the passage of such a bill as is attributed to Mr. Benedict would be a very serious blow at the cardinal American policy of the absolute separation of church and state.

## PARTIES AND RINGS.

Mr. Tilden's history of the overthrow of the Tammany Ring, although a special partisan plea, is an interesting and valuable contribution to political annals. He shows clearly what has been constantly stated by all who opposed it, that the Tweed charter was an absolute grant of the city of New York made to Tweed and his confederates; and had the Code amendment, which was devised by them, become law, the independent press of the city, which was the last barrier that remained between the people of this city and the most mercenary and unscrupulous despotism, would have been wholly at its vengeance. The Ring tried to buy or to frighten the journals that told the truth about it. Upon a certain occasion A. Oakey Hall, one of the Ring, who was then Mayor, as member of a legal firm served notice upon us of a suit of libel because of an editorial allusion to a fact in the history of Captain Isaiah Rynders. It was a hint that this paper must beware of the Ring. He was told to proceed in his suit—advice which, of course, he did not follow. Subsequently, when the *Times* printed the proofs of the crimes of the Ring, that journal was threatened with a suit of ejectment from its premises.

The two millions of dollars of its thefts which the Ring paid for advertisements, hoping to make its further thefts easier, did not serve the purpose, and therefore, to silence the press in the most summary manner, Cardozo drew the Code amendment which the Legislature passed, but which Governor Hoffman, who had signed the Erie bill, did not dare to sign. This is but one illustration of the malign and unscrupulous methods of the Ring. That it also did not shrink from personal violence, that it was the power that dealt the blow at Mr. Eaton, and that it meant to establish an absolute personal terrorism, is not doubted by intelligent men who are familiar with the circumstances.

We recall these facts for the purpose of reminding our readers that this Code amendment, this crowning and fatal blow at the cardinal defenses of a free government, was passed without a dissenting voice in either House. Mr. Tilden records what we fear can not be denied, that "every Republican member voted for it or staid away." The Erie bill had also passed in much the same manner. Indeed, the power of the Ring was based, as its name imports, upon an understanding between unscrupulous members of the two parties. Whenever the better members of the Republican party in this city wished to combine with the same element in the Democratic party for municipal purposes, the Republican tools of the Ring, assuming the tone of uncompromising radical orthodoxy, shouted "no surrender," and insisted upon "nailing the flag to the mast," and "firing the last gun," to the end that the union of honest citizens might be defeated, and the Ring remain masters of the field. No man familiar with the truth denies that Tweed bought Republican members of the Legislature. He had mastered his own party. He was the controlling force of Tammany Hall, which was the organized Democratic leadership. The late Senator Hardenbergh said, in 1868, that Tweed had conquered the State of New York, and hoped to capture the Union. Yet Tweed's party was in a minority, and his hopes of success rested upon the use of the means which had given him the State.

Mr. Tilden writes, unfortunately, as a partisan. He is very anxious to implicate the Republican party, and to make it responsible for the enormities of the Ring. It is the same mistake which the *World* made at an earlier period, when it raised an outcry against Tweed, whom it afterward toadied. The ground taken by it was that the Democratic party could not win in the Presidential race "handicapped," as it said, with the Ring. The Ring was to be broken, not in the interests of honesty, but that Copperheads might obtain national power! And the wise *World* sneered at Republicans for not helping it. Its little tempest in a teapot subsided, for it neither understood the situation nor the remedy. And when the real movement against the Ring began in the disclosures of the *Times* and the formation of the Committee of Seventy, the *World* pished and sneered even at Mr. Tilden when he conspicuously appeared against the malign power that controlled its party.

The fact never to be forgotten is that the Ring was a union of the corrupt element in both parties, and the perpetual defense against a Ring is the sincere union of the honest element in both parties. We gladly acknowledge the efficiency of Mr. Tilden's action, and the value of his influence in the movement. But he seems not to understand that the difficulty of his position throughout has been the feeling that he was constantly intent upon a party advantage. It is the same fault which he now charges upon the authors of the Republican charter. Wherever it is the intention, it is a fatal fault; and the intelligence which made reform and the ruin of the Ring practicable will distrust any man and any scheme that seek a partisan municipal government.

In the honest doubt as to methods, in the sincere difference of opinion, the only safe guide is principle aided by experience. Concentrated power, guarded by prompt and complete responsibility, the utmost publicity of all acts, and a sensible civil service system to obviate the perils of patronage, are vital points in any municipal reformation. And these must depend upon a union of intelligent and tax-paying citizens of all parties who agree that even in New York experience has shown that there may be a successful combination of the better against the worst elements. If the Legislature remembers these truths, and deals simply with the known facts of the situation, it may do much to remedy the municipal evils. But if the mainspring of its action in the matter is party advantage, nobody will rejoice so heartily as Tweed and Sweeny and Hall.

## THE VETO NOT AN "ASSUMED TASK."

The report of the Senate Committee of the Judiciary upon the veto of the bill to pay Dr. Best for his house, which was destroyed during the military operations of the war in Kentucky, indulges in some general remarks upon the veto power itself. The remarks asserting that the veto ought not to be interposed except upon substantial and well-considered grounds are a truism, unless they are a fling at the President, in which case they are an impertinence. The Constitution which gives the Senate legislative power gives the same to the President to the extent of a veto. But for its exercise he is not responsible to the Senate or House in any other than the constitutional manner.

The committee say that "if the Executive assumes the task, with the help of his cabinet, of reconsidering all the laws which Congress matures, with the aid of all its committees and all its members, while he may sometimes correct mistakes, he may also sometimes make mistakes." But in considering laws the President "assumes" no task whatever, he merely discharges a duty which the Constitution has imposed upon him. It is no more an assumed task for him to consider the expediency of any law than it is for the Senator who votes upon it. The President, within constitutional limits, is as much a part of the legislature as the Senator. Whether it is wise that he should be is a different question. But so long as he is he can not honorably evade his duty; and the remark of the Judiciary Committee that it is an assumed task is therefore impertinent.

The reason of the veto in Dr. Best's case we understand to be that his house was destroyed in the necessary operations of war. It is a question of fact: and as the President was satisfied, his duty was clear; and whatever his individual sympathy for Dr. Best may have been, he had clearly no right to authorize such a precedent as his payment. If the Senate is satisfied that the fact was otherwise, it will not sustain the veto. But it certainly will not reject it because the President has assumed any task or done any thing but a constitutional duty.

## ANOTHER GOOD SUGGESTION.

An old chief engineer and active fireman for twenty years in Detroit writes that his experience satisfies him that the fate of all fires is decided within five minutes after breaking out, except in cases of explosion; and his suggestion for opera-houses and halls is a fire-alarm telegraph box, easily accessible during the performance. In that city, at present, he says, the nearest box to the Opera-house is six hundred feet away. But with the box at hand two steamers and one hook and ladder company could be on the spot in two minutes.

In a theatre or opera-house, however, the first minutes are always wasted in the double hope of extinguishing the fire and of avoiding a panic. But the Detroit suggestion is worthy of attention. No remedy, however, will be effectual that does not begin at the beginning. Fire-proof buildings, and not conveniences for extinguishing fires, are what is indispensable. Halls and theatres that are not traps and tinder-boxes are the real remedy. The National Theatre in Washington literally flashed out the other day. It was destroyed in a moment like a pasteboard box. Had the fire occurred in the evening, the loss of life would necessarily have been fearful. Yet how often in that very house had been assembled hundreds of persons whose death would have been not only a private grief but a public calamity! Last year, in the same city, Wall's Opera-house was whiffed out in the same manner; and now, unless it has been very recently changed, there is a *wooden* staircase outside the new building! Why not a roll of old newspapers? The law is slow; but there is still some use in a Grand Jury if it would present public halls and theatres which are insecure for this reason as nuisances and public dangers. Experience shows that the private greed of gain is so powerful that we can not expect really secure public buildings without public supervision. And if the critics and reporters would sometimes state in their papers what they say in private of their feeling as to the safety of theatres and halls, they would be still greater public benefactors.

## RAISING SALARIES.

The House Committee on the Judiciary have reported through General Butler a bill to raise the salaries of certain officers, and to abolish mileage and allow actual traveling expenses. The bill proposes to pay the President $50,000; the Chief Justice of the United States, $10,500; the Vice-President, cabinet officers, Associate Justices, and Speaker of the House, $10,000, and members of Congress, including the present Congress, $8,000. We have already stated the conclusive reasons for increasing the salary of the President. It is enough that his present compensation is not more than a quarter of what the Constitution meant that it should be. The committee, however, really weaken the force of this argument by another which they suggest. The salary was fixed at $25,000, because that was supposed to be a sum which would maintain the President properly while in office. For that purpose it should now be raised. But the committee urge that it should be raised to a sum which they declare to be less than the equivalent of the original $25,000, in order that the President may save enough for his maintenance when out of office. In doing this they concede that $50,000 are more than is necessary for his proper official support—an argument which weakens their position. Yet the increase is so plainly just that it will undoubtedly be allowed.

The absurdity of the "mileage" system is plainly exposed by the committee. Two hundred dollars, they say, will probably pay the actual traveling expenses of any member from the remotest part of the country to Washington, yet the average sum paid to ten members who come from the farthest part is twelve hundred and fifty dollars, while the average amount paid to those who live nearest is not quite thirty-seven dollars. The committee therefore propose to pay the actual expense of travel, of which an itemized account is to be filed by each member with the proper officer of each House.

Again, since franking is abolished, and members of Congress must pay their own postage, the committee recommend that in place of the present salary, of the franking privilege, and of all postage, stationery, and newspaper accounts, the sum of eight thousand dollars be paid to every member of Congress. The committee claim that if the Postmaster-General's estimate be correct of the saving to the government by the abolition of franking of more than two millions and a half of dollars, the total net saving after all the increase for which they ask will still be more than one million and seven hundred thousand dollars. Finally, the argument for giving the increased salary to the members of the present Congress is that if it is fair for future Congresses, it is fair for this. The reply to which is that there is, of course, a time when it becomes fair—and that the increase must be assumed not to have been pressing before the proposition was made and adopted; and if that be at the end of a Congress, that self-sacrificing body might gracefully waive the advantage. It is that very final provision, however, which may possibly—possibly—insure the passage of the bill, the recommendations of which are generally so sensible and timely.

## PERSONAL.

A writer in *Once a Week* warmly defends Mr. Reade against the charge of plagiarism in his latest novel, *The Wandering Heir*, and concludes his defense with this fair challenge to the *Athenæum* critic:

> "If he" (the critic) "has not read *The Cloister and the Hearth*, I will sketch the plot—*i. e.*, the life of Gerard—for him. I will give him the works of Erasmus and Rabelais, with the whole corpus of early French novelettes, the table-talk of Luther, the poems of Clement Marot, and any other books of the period he may wish to read. I will then furnish him with a bundle of quill pens and a ream of paper, and invite him to write from these materials—the same as those used by Charles Reade—a rival novel to *The Cloister and the Hearth*. Or, if that would take too long, let him, with Pope, Swift, Addison, and Steele at his elbow, be good enough to give the world a novelette. He will find it 'very easy,' I have not the least doubt, to equal Mr. Charles Reade; and when it is done, I have also not the least doubt that the editor of the *Graphic* will give him, too, a chance of pleasing the quarter of a million people who have bought *The Wandering Heir*."

Mr. Reade's letter in reply to the *Athenæum* is elsewhere published in this paper.

—Those of our readers who have a copy of Harper's edition of Tennyson's poems will find on page 234 a poem entitled *Timbuctoo*, with a foot-note stating that the said poem obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, 1829. The circumstances under which the prize was awarded to Tennyson render it a *questionable* honor. The adjudicators in this strife are the vice-chancellor and two others, who mark the poems as G (good) when they strike their fancy. On this occasion the vice-chancellor, having read *Timbuctoo*, and probably regarding it as a poetical conundrum, marked it with a note of interrogation (?). This mark the two associate judges mistook for G, and, out of respect for the vice-chancellor's opinion, marked it G also, and thus it won the prize! Of course the merits of the poem are the same, whether it won or lost the prize, it being the vice-chancellor who now comes up for judgment and not the poet laureate. But the circumstances, for our statement of which we have unquestionable authority, are very curious.

—Frequently, in playing Hamlet, Mr. Edwin Booth uses, in the grave-yard scene, the skull of a horse-thief, named Glover, who was hanged in the West for stealing horses, and who bequeathed his skull to the elder Booth as a memento.

—Bayard Taylor relates a droll instance of the readiness and sharpness of Mr. Greeley at repartee: "There used to be a paper in this city called the *Evening Mirror*, edited by Hiram Fuller, now of London. He imagined his little sheet to be the most important journal in the city, and was in the habit of asking his acquaintances, 'Have you read the *Mirror* to-day?' At an editorial dinner he addressed this question to Mr. Greeley in my presence. Mr. G., with an indescribable drawl, almost a whine, replied, 'Why, no. I never buy the *Mirror*: I'm afraid of exhausting the edition!'"

—General Trochu is about to retire from active service and make his home at Tours, where he purposes to devote his time entirely to work connected with military history.

—Admiral Polo, the Spanish minister, not only speaks English fluently, but makes a good speech. He is a very bright and entertaining man, and of the simplest manner of life. They all like him in Washington.

—Mr. Sumner has been giving a chatty expression of the impression made upon him by Thiers and Gladstone during his recent visit to Europe. The former he regarded as a man of great learning, varied accomplishments, wide experience, profound sagacity; a model for the youth of France, who could not do better than to cultivate their faculties as arduously as he had done; a statesman in the highest sense of the word, and, standing as he does at the head of affairs, the right man in the right place. Gladstone he thinks the greatest statesman that England has ever had—a man of grand ability and unblemished integrity.

—Anna Giovanoli, aged one hundred and two years, died recently in the Grisons of Switzerland, where it is said to be not unusual to see young fellows of eighty or ninety playing the pleasing game of punching billiards.

—Roberts is the name of an American who died recently in London, leaving $900,000. When his father set him up in the old clo' business he told him never to let his personal expenses exceed 8*s.* 6*d.* per week. The money-grubber followed the paternal injunction; and one of his last struggles was an attempt, in his seventy-second year, to fatten and carouse on a diet of horse-chestnuts.

—M. Thiers has expressed the opinion that the death of the ex-Emperor was an event most favorable to the cause of the republic. The Bonaparte family is already divided into factions; but any attempt to raise an agitation in the country would be immediately suppressed by the army. The death of the Emperor releases the nation from the imaginary loyalty to which he considered the plebiscite entitled him.

—President Woolsey said at a recent meeting of the Yale alumni, in reply to the toast, "Yale in the Past," that a hundred years ago corporal punishment was administered at Yale, and related how a young man was called up for some offense to have his ears boxed by the president. During this exercise he dodged, ran out, and disappeared, and for a long time could not be found. By-and-by he returned, confessed, and was restored. If Yale needs a sensation, let her make one such literal application of the wisdom of the "good old days" to her "degenerate sons."

—John Albert Bright, the eldest son of the English orator, has recently made his maiden speech at Rochdale, where his father lives. He proposes to devote himself to politics, and will naturally take the side of his father. He echoed his denunciations of Church establishments, aristocratic monopolies, and advocated the clearing out of the cobwebs and spiders from the institutions of the state.

—The newsmongers never tire of writing about Henry Ward Beecher. A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* says his present salary as pastor of Plymouth Church is $25,000. He has $10,000 as editor of the *Christian Union*, to which he gives his name and one article a week; and he earns some $10,000 besides by the little lecturing and writing that he finds to do. He is probably the most popular lecturer in the country, and could earn a great deal of money in that way, if he were willing to surrender other duties. He has been offered as high as $30,000, and even $40,000, a season, by lecture agents, who feel confident that even this high price would leave them a large margin for profit. Few men are so industrious as Mr. Beecher. Were he a lawyer, his income would be equal to that of the very highest in the profession—$100,000 a year at least.

—A Mr. Archer Gurney has sent to the London *Spectator* the substance of a conversation with the late Lord Lytton on spiritualism. "There is something in it," said he, "but nothing, in my judgment, to benefit mankind. I am an artist; that is, I try to do my best. I meant to write a fiction connected with magic, hence I had to study my subject." "Do you," Mr. Gurney asked, "believe that the spirits of the departed really communicate with us through the legs of tables?" "Rarely, if ever," Lord Lytton replied; "the supposition seems absurd, and it is quite obvious to my mind that Shakspeare, Milton, Socrates, and Aristides never would talk the puerile nonsense imputed to them." "Then are they angels of light who speak?" "If they were, they would not tell so many lies." "Are they not lying spirits, then, or fallen angels?" resumed Mr. Gurney. "Surely," Lord Lytton said, "one is justified in attaching some idea of lingering majesty to a fallen angel; but here there seems to be not only the utter absence of a purpose to be served, but the tricks wrought are rather worthy of elf or kobold than of demon."

—Postmaster-General Creswell has intimated that the new penny postal cards will be ready for issue by the 1st of May, and that the orders for them already received at the department lead him to believe that one hundred millions will be used the first year.

—Sydney Smith once commenced a charity sermon by saying, "Benevolence is a sentiment common to human nature. A never sees B in distress without asking C to relieve him."

—Mr. Hannay, an accomplished man of letters, and British consul at Barcelona, has recently died. He was the author of *Singleton Fontenoy*, published by the Harpers, which contains chapters that for wealth of political epigram rival any thing Mr. Disraeli ever produced.

—It is reported, but taken *cum grano*, that American bankers in London loaned Louis Napoleon $1,000,000 to facilitate a *coup* he was meditating, and that since his death the money has been returned to them. If American bankers did that, American bankers took good care to have good "collats."

—"George Eliot," whose *Middlemarch*, published by Harper & Brothers, is having so extraordinary a sale, is said to have received for copyright in England and here $40,000—the highest sum ever paid to a lady for a novel.

—The Rev. William Morley Punshon, who has been in Canada and hereabouts for a couple of years, is to return to England in April, where, it is said, an important office of the Wesleyan Church is to be tendered to him.

—Calcraft, who occupies in England the "bad eminence" of chief hangman, is a robust, benevolent-looking old man, with a slight stoop, and a trifle shaky in his gait, who wears a clerically cut black suit and long white hair and beard. His assistant and probable successor is a well-to-do Welshman of thirty-five, who has a morbid fondness for witnessing last scenes. They both are amateur gardeners when not professionally employed.

—The abolition of the franking privilege, which will take effect next July, was first advocated in this country by George Plitt, of Philadelphia, who in 1841 was special agent of the Post-office Department. In an interesting report made to John M. Niles, then Postmaster-General, concerning the postal regulations of foreign countries, he exposed the flagrant abuses of the franking privilege then existing, and urged its abolition. Mr. Greeley was its next strong advocate.

—Professor Loomis, of Yale, who has a record of the temperature for the past one hundred years, states that there has been but one colder day than Thursday, the 23d of January, in all that period.

—Sothern and Jefferson, who blazed into fame a dozen years ago as Lord Dundreary and Asa Trenchard, have each a son emulous of the father's fame. Mr. Lytton Sothern, a young gentleman of twenty, is now playing with Mr. Lester Wallack at Providence, and Mr. Charles B. Jefferson has just made his début at Charleston, South Carolina. And both give promise of being worthy of names that are among the very brightest in the annals of the stage.

—Mr. Dorsey, the new United States Senator from Arkansas, is only thirty-two years of age, and will be the youngest member of that body. He is a native of Vermont, a graduate of Oberlin, served in the war, and went to Arkansas only two years ago to take the presidency of a railroad company. He is a man of character and ability.

—Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, who succeeds Mr. Trumbull in the United States Senate, is spoken of as an abler man than any of the Senators who will take their place for the first time with him. He is a genial, witty man, and a very honest, practical man, who will be thoroughly watchful of the interests of his State.

—Madame Lucca has petitioned to have her fine of $6000 for breaking an engagement at Berlin remitted, but the old Kaiser is obstinate and unimpressible, and doesn't view the matter at all in the light that the Lucca does. The old man, however, will probably give in. They always do.

—The King of Holland has indicated his regard for morality in high places by signing a decree depriving his oldest son of the right of succession to the throne on account of his vicious and dissipated life.

—Mr. John C. Jacobs, of Brooklyn, is the "father" of the Assembly, at Albany, this being his seventh term. Mr. Campbell is next, this being his sixth. Messrs. Burns, Worth, Husted, and Weed are in their fifth terms. C. G. Cornell and Norton have each served four years in the Senate. The oldest member is Mr. Walker, of Oneida, sixty-five; the youngest, Mr. Deering, of this city, twenty-two.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The past week was a busy one in Congress. In the Senate, February 10, several new postal subsidy schemes were introduced. One authorizes the Postmaster-General to contract with the Webb line of Californian and Australian steam-ships to make thirteen round trips a year for $425,000. Another is for a contract with the Alexandre line to carry the mail from New York to Vera Cruz semi-monthly for ten years at $5000 per trip. A third is to make the mail service between New York and Brazil semi-monthly, at an annual subsidy of $400,000; and a fourth authorizing the Postmaster-General to invite proposals for carrying mails between San Francisco and Australia at an annual compensation not to exceed $365,000 per annum. The Senate afterward took up the *Alabama* Claims bill, and passed it by a vote of 30 to 19. Among the resolutions introduced in the House was one increasing the salaries of the President, Vice-President, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, justices of the Supreme Court, cabinet officers, Speaker, Senators, members, and delegates, which was lost by a decided vote of 81 to 120.—In the Senate, February 11, a memorial was received from certain New Yorkers claiming the honor, and asking that the government recognize them as the originators of the volunteer movement during the late war between the States. After some other minor business the Senate took up the calendar, and passed a large number of bills. The House passed the bill by which letter postage on and after the first day of next July will be reduced to two cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof. It also reduces the postage on newspapers and other printed matter when mailed by the publishers. The Army Appropriation bill was taken up, and, after some discussion, passed.—As fixed by law, the Senate and House of Representatives held a joint session, February 12, for the purpose of counting the electoral vote for President and Vice-President of the United States. The session was a very long one, and resulted in the Senate having to return to their hall three times to vote on the objections raised on receiving the votes of certain States while in joint conference, the final result of which was that the votes of the States of Georgia, Arkansas, and Louisiana were thrown out, and that U. S. Grant and Henry Wilson were elected President and Vice-President, to serve for four years from March 4, 1873.—In the House, on February 13, the bill creating a board of Commissioners of Commerce was, after some discussion, tabled.—In the Senate, February 14, a resolution was introduced congratulating Spain on her becoming a republic. The resolution was, however, objected to, and the subject went over. The President by message called the Senate's attention to the possibility of a conflict in Utah between the Federal and Territorial authorities. In the House another resolution on the Spanish republic was introduced, but was laid over.

In the New York State Senate, February 14, a resolution was introduced calling upon the president of the Erie Railway Company to give the names of any parties who had received fees for services or influence in connection with the road during the session of the Legislature in 1872. It was tabled till the 18th February.

A large portion of the town of Granville, Washington County, New York, was destroyed by fire on February 10. The loss is estimated at $100,000.

Martin Kalbfleisch, ex-Mayor of Brooklyn, died at his residence in that city on the 12th February.

Judge Boardman has refused a new trial to Edward S. Stokes, the murderer of James Fisk, Jun., but a stay of proceedings was subsequently granted by Judge Davis.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

A resolution has been introduced in the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies urgently demanding the expulsion of the Jesuits from Hungary.

*L'Univers* publishes a letter from one of the late Emperor's ministers confirming the statement made a short time ago that Austria promised to assist France against Prussia, that a triple alliance was formed, but never completed, of France, Austria, and Italy, and that it was Austria which suggested the surrender of Rome to Italy.

In the House of Lords, February 10, the Earl of Lauderdale raised a question as to the settlement of the boundary line between the British dominions and the United States. Earl Granville replied that steps had been taken for the settlement of all boundary questions, and instructions sent out accordingly.

The town of San Vicente, in the republic of San Salvador, has been destroyed by an earthquake. The houses were demolished, but no lives lost.

The yellow fever is raging violently at Rio Janeiro. From the census just completed the population of Brazil is 10,000,000.

The Swiss Federal Council have addressed a sharp letter to the papal chargé d'affaires at Berne, denying the Pope's right to dismember the bishoprics of Switzerland. They have also required Bishop Mermillod to state quickly whether he means to obey the Swiss government or the Pope. If the latter, his expulsion is to be immediate.

France has paid off the second fifty million installment of the fourth milliard of her indebtedness to Germany.

A movement is being made in the army of Portugal for the establishment of a republic and an Iberian union.

The flag of the Spanish republic will be violet, white, and red. The royal palace will be converted into a museum of art.

## OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

The reader must not interpret the title of the beautiful picture on this page too strictly, for if she—we prefer to use the feminine pronoun in an article devoted to ladies' costume—if she is young, her grandmother was probably born about the beginning of the century, and consequently never wore such head-dresses as are here depicted. The ladies in our sketch belong rather to the earlier years of GEORGE WASHINGTON, when our great republic was hardly more than a possibility in the minds of our forefathers—a dream not yet realized.

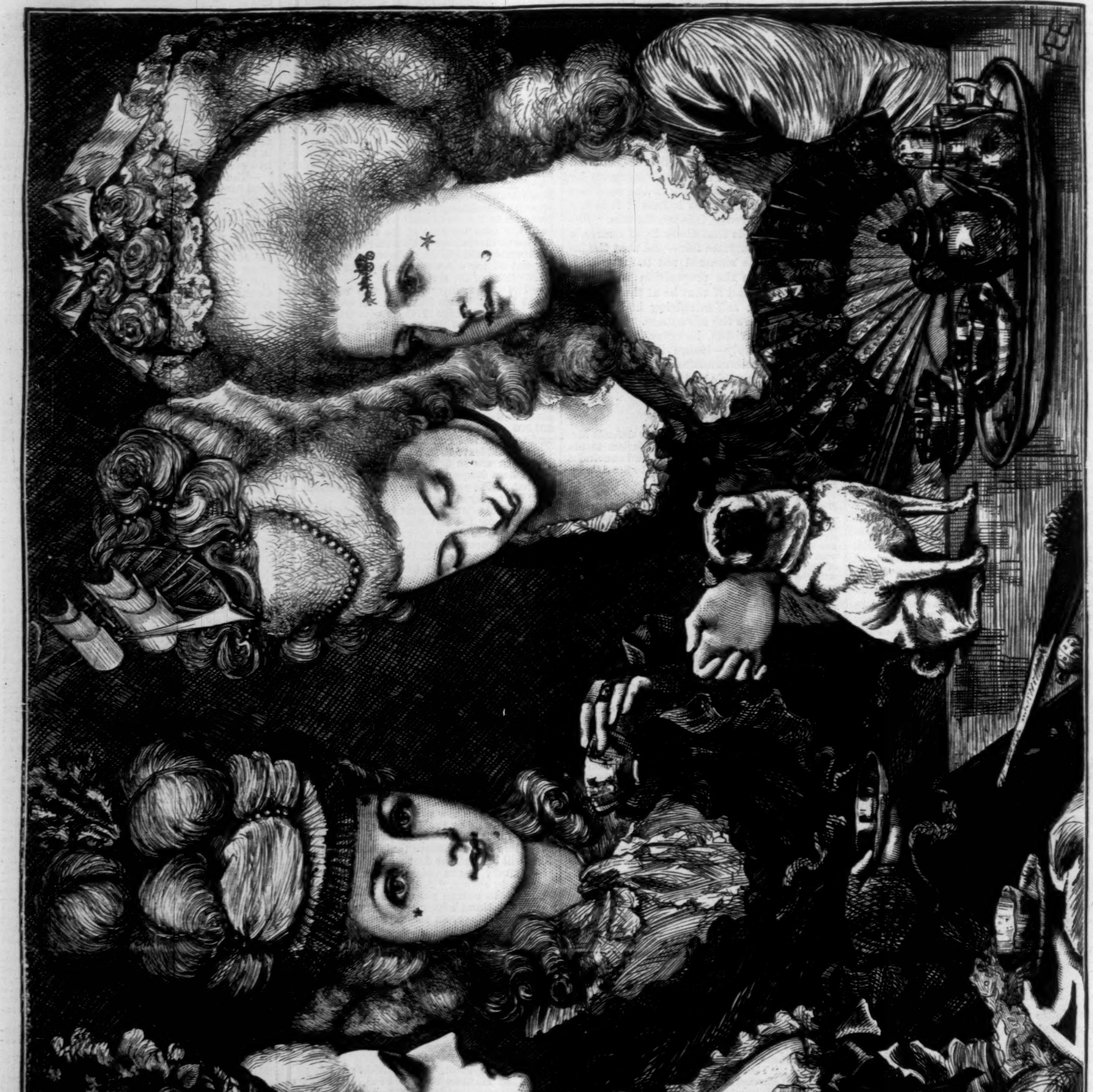
The vagaries of fashion are notorious, yet, if closely watched, they will be found to be governed by certain mysterious laws of ebb and flow, just as in meteorology a cycle of dry years is followed by a cycle of rainy seasons. The fashion of ladies' hair-dressing, for example, gradually moderated from the elaboration which preceded the first French revolution till it attained its acme of simplicity about the date of the second revolution, say 1848. Since then the modish pendulum has swung in the opposite direction, till at the present moment there are symptoms that ladies' heads are going to become as towering as in 1774, "when," says FAIRHOLT, in his *Costume in England*, "they decorated their heads with a most enormous heap of hair, which was frequently surmounted by plumes of large feathers and bunches of flowers, until the head seemed to overbalance the body." A satirical poem of the period begins thus:

> "Give Chloe a bushel of horsehair and wool;
> Of paste and pomatum a pound;
> Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her sweet skull,
> And gauze to encompass it round."

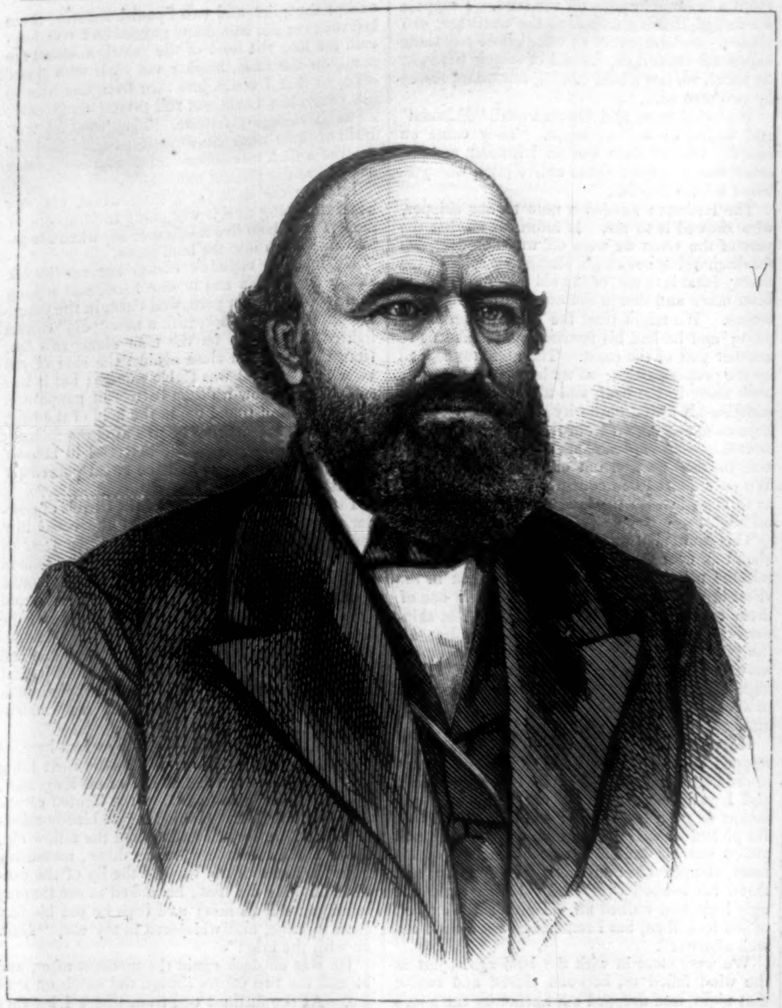
The strange fashion of patching the face attained its zenith during the reign of CHARLES II., but it continued in vogue for a long time, as in the *New Bath Guide*, which was published in 1766, "velvet patches *à la Grecque*" are mentioned. In the early part of the last century, according to the *Spectator*, you could tell by her patches whether a lady was a Whig or a Tory. A wood-cut from BULWER's *Artificial Changeling*, published 1650, represents a lady with a coach and horses on her forehead, a crescent on either cheek, a star at the side of her mouth, and a round spot on her chin. A poem, dated 1658, says of a fashionable lady:

> "Her patches are of every cut,
> For pimples and for scars;
> Here's all the wandering planets' signs,
> And some of the fixed stars."

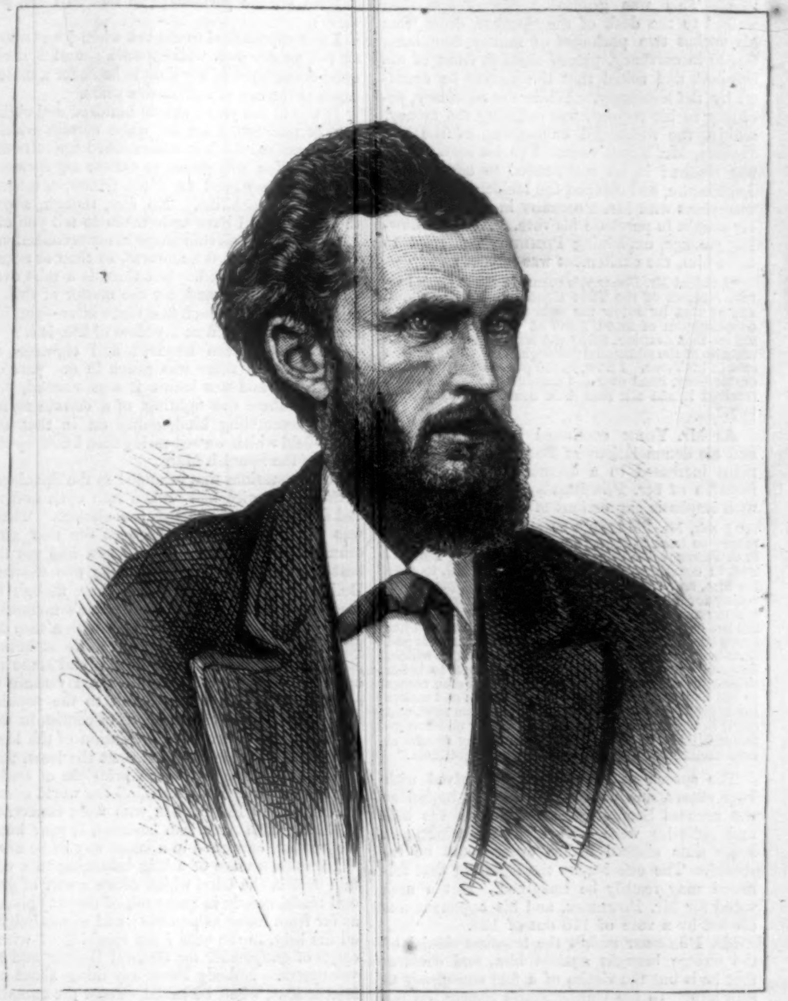
Another sterner satirist declares that the black patches remind him of plague-spots, "and methinks the mourning-coach and horses, all in black, and plying in their foreheads, stands ready harnessed to whirl them to Acheron." Fortunately this very foolish fashion has almost entirely ceased, and we may hope it will not soon be revived again.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1732—OUR GRANDMOTHERS.



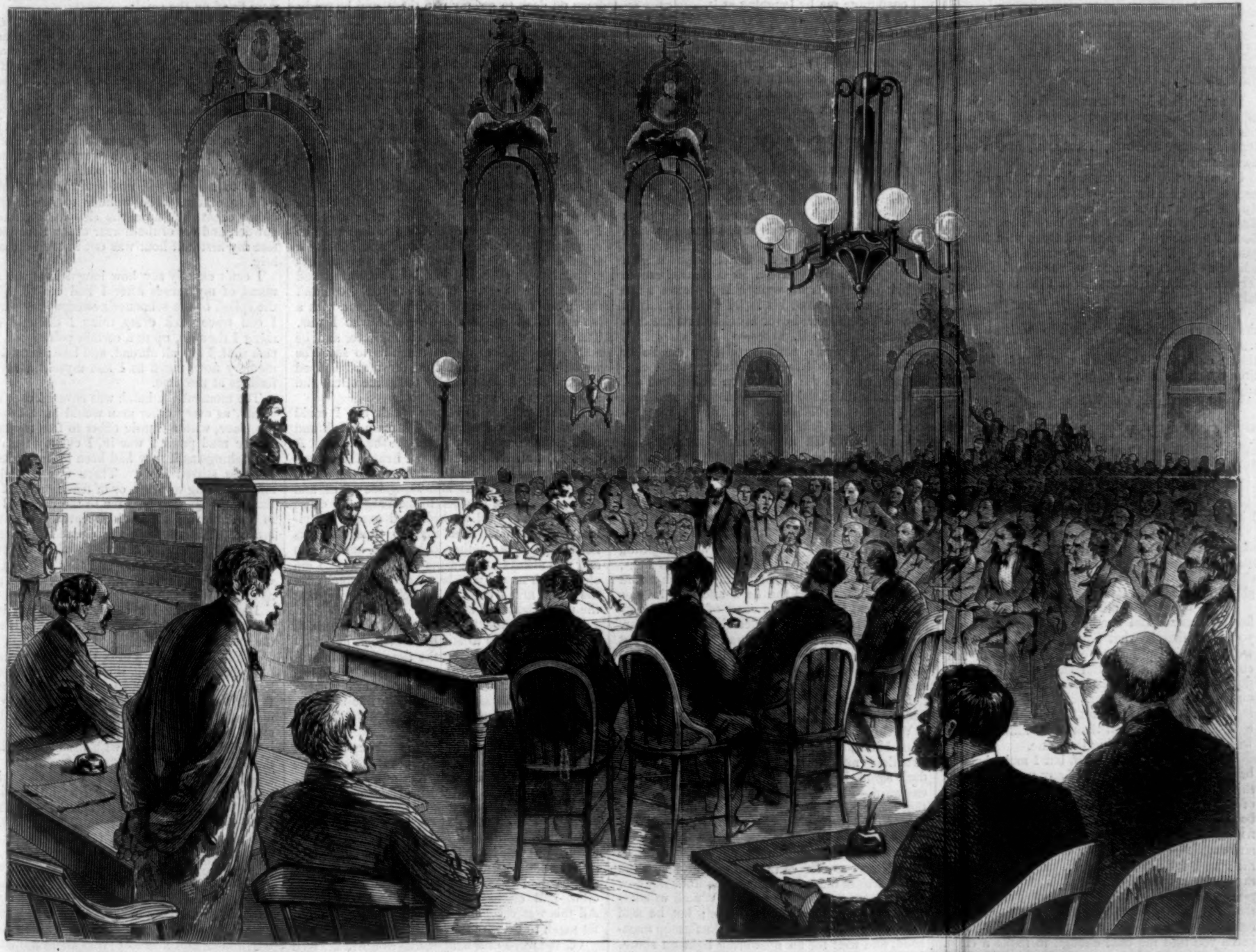
HON. SAMUEL C. POMEROY, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM KANSAS.
[From a Photograph by Brady, of Washington.]



HON. A. M. YORK, MR. POMEROY'S ACCUSER.
[From a Photograph by J. Lee Knight, Topeka, Kansas.]

## SENATOR POMEROY'S DEFEAT.

In the Kansas State Legislature, on the 29th of January, a scene was enacted of a character wholly unparalleled in all the history of the law-making bodies of the land. The day in question had been set apart for the election of a United States Senator for the full term beginning March 4, 1873. The members of both Houses having assembled in joint convention, at the appointed hour the presiding officer announced that the ballot would then be taken. The leading candidates were Hon. Samuel C. Pomeroy, for re-election, and ex-State Senator John James Ingalls. The announcement having been concluded, a dead silence fell upon the assemblage, and the members were about to enter upon the balloting, when Senator A. M. York, from Montgomery County, rose solemnly in his place, and demanded the floor on a question of privi-



SCENE IN THE KANSAS STATE-HOUSE WHEN THE BRIBE MONEY WAS HANDED TO THE PRESIDING OFFICER.
[From a Sketch by H. Worrall.]

lege. This was granted. Mr. York then walked to the desk of the Speaker, drew from his pocket two packages of money, containing $7000 in currency, placed them in front of the Speaker, and asked that the money be counted by the Secretary. While the Secretary, acceding to his request, was counting the money, amidst the restrained excitement of the two Houses, Mr. York returned to his seat. Having reached it, he commenced to address the Legislature, and detailed the incidents of certain interviews with Mr. Pomeroy in which the latter sought to purchase his vote. At the following passage, explaining Pomeroy's attempt to bribe him, the excitement was intense:

> "I visited Mr. Pomeroy's rooms in the dark and secret recesses of the Tafft House on Monday night, and at that interview my vote was bargained for a consideration of $8000, $2000 of which were paid to me on that evening, $5000 the next afternoon, and a promise of the additional $1000 when my vote had been cast in his favor. I now, in the presence of this honorable body, hand over the amount of $7000, just as I received it, and ask that it be counted by the Secretary."

As Mr. York continued his developments and his denunciations of Pomeroy, the excitement increased to a dramatic pitch, and the mention of Mr. Pomeroy's name was received with emphatic expressions of indignation.

> "I ask, Mr. President," he continued, "that that money be used to defray the expenses of prosecuting S. C. Pomeroy for bribery and corruption. I promised, in consideration of $8000 in hand paid, to vote for him, and I here and now redeem that pledge by voting for him for a term in the Penitentiary, not exceeding twenty years. I have an aged parent whose life has been spared to bless me with her love and her approval of the conduct of my life. I have a wife and little ones to whom I hope to bequeath a name which, however obscure, they may have no reason to blush to hear pronounced. Yet this corrupt old man comes to me and makes a bargain for my soul, and makes me a proposition which, if accepted in the faith and spirit in which it is offered, will make my children go through life with hung heads and burning cheeks at even mention of the name of him who begot them."

The speech at the close was received with loud cheers, and with fierce epithets hurled at the accused Senator. The shouts in the hall and galleries were well-nigh deafening, and some time elapsed before order could be restored. The effect upon the balloting that followed may readily be imagined. Not a man voted for Mr. Pomeroy, and his opponent was elected by a vote of 118 out of 132.

Mr. Pomeroy makes the broadest denial of the charge brought against him, and declares that he is but the victim of a foul conspiracy to ruin him. In the United States Senate, on the 10th February, he rose to a question of privilege, and read a carefully prepared statement, in the course of which he said:

> "In your presence, Sir, in the presence of my fellow-Senators, and before the country, I publicly deny the truth of each and every charge of bribery and corruption made by the chief instigator of this conspiracy, or by whomsoever made. I deny each and every statement imputing to me any act inconsistent with moral rectitude and correct conduct, and declare all such statements to be totally, absolutely, and wickedly false; and I further specifically deny that I ever entered into any contract or agreement, directly or indirectly, with any person, whether a member of the Kansas Legislature or not, for a vote in my favor, or that I ever directly or indirectly paid any individual one dollar, or any other sum, for his vote for me in the late Senatorial election."

In conclusion Mr. Pomeroy asked for a committee of investigation, which was granted, and the Speaker selected Messrs. Frelinghuysen, Buckingham, Alcorn, Thurman, and Vickers for the task.

On page 173 we present the portraits of the accused and his accuser—the former of whom is fifty-seven years of age, and the latter thirty-five. Mr. Pomeroy is well known as having been a member of Congress for the past twelve years, while Mr. York is known as the former editor and part proprietor of the *South Kansas Tribune*, and now a member of the State Legislature.

We also present an illustration of the scene in the Hall of Representatives at the moment when the packages of money were handed to the presiding officer. The drawing was made at the time by an artist who witnessed the memorable scene.

# "BLOW UP WITH THE BRIG!"

## A SAILOR'S STORY.

### By WILKIE COLLINS.

I have got an alarming confession to make. I am haunted by a Ghost.

If you were to guess for a hundred years, you would never guess what my ghost is. I shall make you laugh to begin with—and afterward I shall make your flesh creep. My Ghost is the ghost of a Bedroom Candlestick.

Yes, a bedroom candlestick and candle, or a flat candlestick and candle—put it which way you like—that is what haunts me. I wish it was something pleasanter and more out of the common way; a beautiful lady, or a mine of gold and silver, or a cellar of wine and a coach and horses, and such-like. But, being what it is, I must take it for what it is, and make the best of it; and I shall thank you kindly if you will help me out by doing the same.

I am not a scholar myself, but I make bold to believe that the haunting of any man with any thing under the sun begins with the frightening of him. At any rate, the haunting of me with a bedroom candlestick and candle began with the frightening of me with a bedroom candlestick and candle—the frightening of me half out of my life; and, for the time being, the frightening of me altogether out of my wits. That is not a very pleasant thing to confess before stating the particulars; but perhaps you will be the readier to believe that I am not a downright coward, because you find me bold enough to make a clean breast of it already, to my own great disadvantage so far.

Here are the particulars, as well as I can put them:

I was apprenticed to the sea when I was about as tall as my own walking-stick; and I made good enough use of my time to be fit for a mate's berth at the age of twenty-five years.

It was in the year eighteen hundred and eighteen, or nineteen, I am not quite certain which, that I reached the before-mentioned age of twenty-five. You will please to excuse my memory not being very good for dates, names, numbers, places, and such-like. No fear, though, about the particulars I have undertaken to tell you of; I have got them all ship-shape in my recollection; I can see them, at this moment, as clear as noonday in my own mind. But there is a mist over what went before, and, for the matter of that, a mist likewise over much that came after—and it's not very likely to lift at my time of life, is it?

Well, in eighteen hundred and eighteen, or nineteen, when there was peace in our part of the world—and not before it was wanted, you will say—there was fighting, of a certain scampering, scrambling kind, going on in that old battle-field which we sea-faring men know by the name of the Spanish Main.

The possessions that belonged to the Spaniards in South America had broken into open mutiny and declared for themselves years before. There was plenty of bloodshed between the new government and the old; but the new had got the best of it, for the most part, under one General Bolivar—a famous man in his time, though he seems to have dropped out of people's memories now. Englishmen and Irishmen with a turn for fighting, and nothing particular to do at home, joined the general as volunteers; and some of our merchants here found it a good venture to send supplies across the ocean to the popular side. There was risk enough, of course, in doing this; but where one speculation of the kind succeeded, it made up for two, at the least, that failed. And that's the true principle of trade, wherever I have met with it, all the world over.

Among the Englishmen who were concerned in this Spanish-American business, I, your humble servant, happened in a small way to be one.

I was then mate of a brig belonging to a certain firm in the City, which drove a sort of general trade, mostly in queer out-of-the-way places, as far from home as possible; and which freighted the brig, in the year I am speaking of, with a cargo of gunpowder for General Bolivar and his volunteers. Nobody knew any thing about our instructions, when we sailed, except the captain; and he didn't half seem to like them. I can't rightly say how many barrels of powder we had on board, or how much each barrel held—I only know we had no other cargo. The name of the brig was the *Good Intent*—a queer name enough, you will tell me, for a vessel laden with gunpowder, and sent to help a revolution. And as far as this particular voyage was concerned, so it was. I mean that for a joke, and I hope you will encourage me by laughing at it.

The *Good Intent* was the craziest old tub of a vessel I ever went to sea in, and the worst found in all respects. She was two hundred and thirty, or two hundred and eighty tons burden, I forget which; and she had a crew of eight, all told—nothing like as many as we ought by rights to have had to work the brig. However, we were well and honestly paid our wages; and we had to set that against the chance of foundering at sea, and, on this occasion, likewise the chance of being blown up into the bargain.

In consideration of the nature of our cargo, we were harassed with new regulations, which we didn't at all like, relative to smoking our pipes and lighting our lanterns; and, as usual in such cases, the captain, who made the regulations, preached what he didn't practice. Not a man of us was allowed to have a bit of lighted candle in his hand when he went below—except the skipper; and he used his light, when he turned in, or when he looked over his charts on the cabin table, just as usual.

This light was a common kitchen candle or "dip," and it stood in an old battered flat candlestick, with all the Japan worn and melted off, and all the tin showing through. It would have been more seaman-like and suitable in every respect if he had had a lamp or a lantern; but he stuck to his old candlestick; and that same old candlestick has ever afterward stuck to *me*. That's another joke, if you please, and a better one than the first, in my opinion.

Well (I said "well" before, but it's a word that helps a man on like), we sailed in the brig, and shaped our course, first, for the Virgin Islands, in the West Indies; and, after sighting them, we made for the Leeward Islands next, and then stood on due south, till the look-out at the mast-head hailed the deck and said he saw land. That land was the coast of South America. We had had a wonderful voyage so far. We had lost none of our spars or sails, and not a man of us had been harassed to death at the pumps. It wasn't often the *Good Intent* made such a voyage as that, I can tell you.

I was sent aloft to make sure about the land, and I did make sure of it.

When I reported the same to the skipper, he went below, and had a look at his letter of instructions and the chart. When he came on deck again, he altered our course a trifle to the eastward—I forget the point on the compass, but that don't matter. What I do remember is, that it was dark before we closed in with the land. We kept the lead going, and hove the brig to in from four to five fathoms water, or it might be six—I can't say for certain. I kept a sharp eye to the drift of the vessel, none of us knowing how the currents ran on that coast. We all wondered why the skipper didn't anchor; but he said No, he must first show a light at the foretop masthead, and wait for an answering light on shore. We did wait, and nothing of the sort appeared. It was starlight, and calm. What little wind there was came in puffs off the land. I suppose we waited, drifting a little to the westward, as I made it out, best part of an hour before any thing happened—and then, instead of seeing the light on shore, we saw a boat coming toward us, rowed by two men only.

We hailed them, and they answered, "Friends!" and hailed us by our name. They came on board. One of them was an Irishman, and the other was a coffee-colored native pilot, who jabbered a little English.

The Irishman handed a note to our skipper, who showed it to me. It informed us that the part of the coast we were off was not over-safe for discharging our cargo, seeing that spies of the enemy (that is to say, of the old government) had been taken and shot in the neighborhood the day before. We might trust the brig to the native pilot; and he had his instructions to take us to another part of the coast. The note was signed by the proper parties; so we let the Irishman go back alone in the boat, and allowed the pilot to exercise his lawful authority over the brig. He kept us stretching off from the land till noon the next day—his instructions, seemingly, ordering him to keep us well out of sight of the shore. We only altered our course in the afternoon, so as to close in with the land again a little before midnight.

This same pilot was about as ill-looking a vagabond as ever I saw; a skinny, cowardly, quarrelsome mongrel, who swore at the men in the vilest broken English, till they were every one of them ready to pitch him overboard. The skipper kept them quiet, and I kept them quiet; for the pilot being given us by our instructions, we were bound to make the best of him. Near night-fall, however, with the best will in the world to avoid it, I was unlucky enough to quarrel with him.

He wanted to go below with his pipe, and I stopped him, of course, because it was contrary to orders. Upon that, he tried to hustle by me, and I put him away with my hand. I never meant to push him down; but somehow I did. He picked himself up as quick as lightning, and pulled out his knife. I snatched it out of his hand, slapped his murderous face for him, and threw his weapon overboard. He gave me one ugly look, and walked aft. I didn't think much of the look then, but I remembered it a little too well afterward.

We were close in with the land again, just as the wind failed us, between eleven and twelve that night, and dropped our anchor by the pilot's directions.

It was pitch-dark, and a dead, airless calm. The skipper was on deck, with two of our best men for watch. The rest were below, except the pilot, who coiled himself up, more like a snake than a man, on the forecastle. It was not my watch till four in the morning. But I didn't like the look of the night, or the pilot, or the state of things generally, and I shook myself down on deck to get my nap there, and be ready for any thing at a moment's notice. The last I remember was the skipper whispering to me that he didn't like the look of things either, and that he would go below and consult his instructions again. That is the last I remember, before the slow, heavy, regular roll of the old brig on the groundswell rocked me off to sleep.

I was awoke by a scuffle on the forecastle and a gag in my mouth. There was a man on my breast and a man on my legs, and I was bound hand and foot in half a minute.

The brig was in the hands of the Spaniards. They were swarming all over her. I heard six heavy splashes in the water, one after another. I saw the captain stabbed to the heart as he came running up the companion, and I heard a seventh splash in the water. Except myself, every soul of us on board had been murdered and thrown into the sea. Why I was left, I couldn't think, till I saw the pilot stoop over me with a lantern and look, to make sure of who I was. There was a devilish grin on his face, and he nodded his head at me, as much as to say, *You* were the man who hustled me down and slapped my face, and I mean to play the game of cat and mouse with you in return for it!

I could neither move nor speak, but I could see the Spaniards take off the main hatch and rig the purchases for getting up the cargo. A quarter of an hour afterward I heard the sweeps of a schooner, or other small vessel, in the water. The strange craft was laid alongside of us, and the Spaniards set to work to discharge our cargo into her. They all worked hard except the pilot; and he came from time to time, with his lantern, to have another look at me, and to grin and nod always in the same devilish way. I am old enough now not to be ashamed of confessing the truth, and I don't mind acknowledging that the pilot frightened me.

The fright, and the bonds, and the gag, and the not being able to stir hand or foot, had pretty nigh worn me out by the time the Spaniards gave over work. This was just as the dawn broke. They had shifted good part of our cargo on board their vessel, but nothing like all of it, and they were sharp enough to be off with what they had got before daylight.

I need hardly say that I had made up my mind by this time to the worst I could think of. The pilot, it was clear enough, was one of the spies of the enemy, who had wormed himself into the confidence of our consignees without being suspected. He, or more likely his employers, had got knowledge enough of us to suspect what our cargo was; we had been anchored for the night in the safest berth for them to surprise us in; and we had paid the penalty of having a small crew, and consequently an insufficient watch. All this was clear enough—but what did the pilot mean to do with *me?*

On the word of a man, it makes my flesh creep now, only to tell you what he did with me.

After all the rest of them were out of the brig, except the pilot and two Spanish seamen, these last took me up, bound and gagged as I was, lowered me into the hold of the vessel, and laid me along on the floor, lashing me to it with ropes' ends, so that I could just turn from one side to the other, but could not roll myself fairly over, so as to change my place. They then left me. Both of them were the worse for liquor; but the devil of a pilot was sober—mind that!—as sober as I am at the present moment.

I lay in the dark for a little while, with my heart thumping as if it was going to jump out of me. I lay about five minutes or so, when the pilot came down into the hold alone.

He had the captain's cursed flat candlestick and a carpenter's awl in one hand, and a long thin twist of cotton yarn, well oiled, in the other. He put the candlestick, with a new "dip" candle lighted in it, down on the floor about two feet from my face, and close against the side of the vessel. The light was feeble enough; but it was sufficient to show a dozen barrels of gunpowder or more left all round me in the hold of the brig. I began to suspect what he was after the moment I noticed the barrels. The horrors laid hold of me from head to foot, and the sweat poured off my face like water.

I saw him go next to one of the barrels of powder standing against the side of the vessel in a line with the candle, and about three feet, or rather better, away from it. He bored a hole in the side of the barrel with his awl, and the horrid powder came trickling out, as black as hell, and dripped into the hollow of his hand, which he held to catch it. When he had got a good handful, he stopped up the hole by jamming one end of his oiled twist of cotton yarn fast into it, and he then rubbed the powder into the whole length of the yarn till he had blackened every hair's-breadth of it.

The next thing he did—as true as I sit here, as true as the heaven above us all—the next thing he did was to carry the free end of his long, lean, black, frightful slow-match to the lighted candle alongside my face. He tied it (the bloody-minded villain!) in several folds round the tallow dip, about a third of the distance down, measuring from the flame of the wick to the lip of the candlestick. He did that; he looked to see that my lashings were all safe; and then he put his face close to mine, and whispered in my ear, "Blow up with the brig!"

He was on deck again the moment after, and he and the two others shoved the hatch on over me. At the farthest end from where I lay they had not fitted it down quite true, and I saw a blink of daylight glimmering in when I looked in that direction. I heard the sweeps of the schooner fall into the water—splash! splash! fainter and fainter, as they swept the vessel out in the dead calm, to be ready for the wind in the offing. Fainter and fainter, splash! splash! for a quarter of an hour or more.

While those sounds were in my ears, my eyes were fixed on the candle.

It had been freshly lit. If left to itself, it would burn for between six and seven hours. The slow-match was twisted round it about a third of the way down, and therefore the flame would be about two hours reaching it. There I lay, gagged, bound, lashed to the floor; seeing my own life burning down with the candle by my side—there I lay, alone on the sea, doomed to be blown to atoms, and to see that doom drawing on, nearer and nearer with every fresh second of time, through nigh on two hours to come; powerless to help myself, and speechless to call for help to others. The wonder to me is that I didn't cheat the flame, the slow-match, and the powder, and die of the horror of my situation before my first half-hour was out in the hold of the brig.

I can't exactly say how long I kept the command of my senses after I had ceased to hear the splash of the schooner's sweeps in the water. I can trace back every thing I did and every thing I thought, up to a certain point; but, once past that, I get all abroad, and lose myself in my memory now, much as I lost myself in my own feelings at the time.

The moment the hatch was covered over me, I began, as every other man would have begun in my place, with a frantic effort to free my hands. In the mad panic I was in, I cut my flesh with the lashings as if they had been knife-blades, but I never stirred them. There was less chance still of freeing my legs, or of tearing myself from the fastenings that held me to the floor. I gave in when I was all but suffocated for want of breath. The gag, you will please to remember, was a terrible enemy to me; I could only breathe freely through my nose—and that is but a poor vent when a man is straining his strength as far as ever it will go.

I gave in and lay quiet, and got my breath again, my eyes glaring and straining at the candle all the time.

While I was staring at it, the notion struck me of trying to blow out the flame by pumping a long breath at it suddenly through my nostrils. It was too high above me, and too far away from me, to be reached in that fashion. I tried, and tried, and tried; and then I gave in again, and lay quiet again, always with my eyes glaring at the candle, and the candle glaring at *me.* The splash of the schooner's sweeps was very faint by this time. I could only just hear them in the morning stillness. Splash! splash!—fainter and fainter—splash! splash!

Without exactly feeling my mind going, I began to feel it getting queer as early as this. The snuff of the candle was growing taller and taller, and the length of tallow between the flame and the slow-match, which was the length of my life, was getting shorter and shorter. I calculated that I had rather less than an hour and a half to live.

An hour and a half! Was there a chance in that time of a boat pulling off to the brig from shore? Whether the land near which the vessel was anchored was in possession of our side, or in possession of the enemy's side, I made out that they must, sooner or later, send to hail the brig merely because she was a stranger in those parts. The question for *me* was, how soon? The sun had not risen yet, as I could tell by looking through the chink in the hatch. There was no coast village near us, as we all knew, before the brig was seized, by seeing no lights on shore. There was no wind, as I could tell by listening, to bring any strange vessel near. If I had had six hours to live, there might have been a chance for me, reckoning from sunrise to noon. But with an hour and a half, which had dwindled to an hour and a quarter by this time—or, in other words, with the earliness of the morning, the uninhabited coast, and the dead calm all against me—there was not the ghost of a chance. As I felt that, I had another struggle—the last—with my bonds, and only cut myself the deeper for my pains.

I gave in once more, and lay quiet, and listened for the splash of the sweeps.

Gone! Not a sound could I hear but the blowing of a fish now and then on the surface of the sea, and the creak of the brig's crazy old spars, as she rolled gently from side to side with the little swell there was on the quiet water.

An hour and a quarter. The wick grew terribly as the quarter slipped away, and the charred top of it began to thicken and spread out mushroom-shape. It would fall off soon. Would it fall off red-hot, and would the swing of the brig cant it over the side of the candle and let it down on the slow-match? If it would, I had about ten minutes to live instead of an hour.

This discovery set my mind for a minute on a new tack altogether. I began to ponder with myself what sort of a death blowing up might be. Painful? Well, it would be, surely, too sudden for that. Perhaps just one crash inside me, or outside me, or both, and nothing more! Perhaps not even a crash; that and death and the scattering of this living body of mine into millions of fiery sparks, might all happen in the same instant! I couldn't make it out; I couldn't settle how it would be. The minute of calmness in my mind left it before I had half done thinking; and I got all abroad again.

When I came back to my thoughts, or when they came back to me (I can't say which), the wick was awfully tall, the flame was burning with a smoke above it, the charred top was broad and red, and heavily spreading out to its fall.

My despair and horror at seeing it took me in a new way, which was good and right, at any rate, for my poor soul. I tried to pray—in my own heart, you will understand, for the gag put all lip-praying out of my power. I tried, but the candle seemed to burn it up in me. I struggled hard to force my eyes from the slow, murdering flame, and to look up through the chink in the hatch at the blessed daylight. I tried once, tried twice; and gave it up. I next tried only to shut my eyes, and keep them shut—once—twice—and the second time I did it. "God bless old mother, and sister Lizzie; God keep them both, and forgive *me*." That was all I had time to say, in my own heart, before my eyes opened again, in spite of me, and the flame of the candle flew into them, flew all over me, and burned up the rest of my thoughts in an instant.

I couldn't hear the fish blowing now; I couldn't hear the creak of the spars; I couldn't think; I couldn't feel the sweat of my own death agony on my face—I could only look at the heavy, charred top of the wick. It swelled, tottered, bent over to one side, dropped—red-hot at the moment of its fall—black and harmless, even before the swing of the brig had canted it over into the bottom of the candlestick.

I caught myself laughing.

Yes! laughing at the safe fall of the bit of wick. But for the gag, I should have screamed with laughing. As it was, I shook with it inside me—shook till the blood was in my head, and I was all but suffocated for want of breath. I had just sense enough left to feel that my own horrid laughter at that awful moment was a sign of my brain going at last. I had just sense enough left to make another struggle before my mind broke loose like a frightened horse, and ran away with me.

One comforting look at the blink of daylight through the hatch was what I tried for once more. The fight to force my eyes from the candle and to get that one look at the daylight was the hardest I had had yet; and I lost the fight. The flame had hold of my eyes as fast as the lashings had hold of my hands. I couldn't look away from it. I couldn't even shut my eyes, when I tried that next, for the second time. There was the wick growing tall once more. There was the space of unburned candle between the light and the slow-match shortened to an inch or less.

How much life did that inch leave me? Three-quarters of an hour? Half an hour? Fifty minutes? Twenty minutes? Steady! an inch of tallow-candle would burn longer than twenty minutes. An inch of tallow! the notion of a man's body and soul being kept together by an inch of tallow! Wonderful! Why, the greatest king that sits on a throne can't keep a man's body and soul together; and here's an inch of tallow that can do what the king can't! There's something to tell mother when I get home which will surprise her more than all the rest of my voyages put together. I laughed inwardly again at the thought of that, and shook and swelled and suffocated myself, till the light of the candle leaped in through my eyes, and licked up the laughter, and burned it out of me, and made me all empty and cold and quiet once more.

Mother and Lizzie. I don't know when they came back; but they did come back—not, as it seemed to me, into my mind this time, but right down bodily before me, in the hold of the brig.

Yes: sure enough, there was Lizzie, just as light-hearted as usual, laughing at me. Laughing? Well, why not? Who is to blame Lizzie for thinking I'm lying on my back, drunk in the cellar, with the beer-barrels all round me? Steady! she's crying now—spinning round and round in a fiery mist, wringing her hands, screeching out for help—fainter and fainter, like the splash of the schooner's sweeps. Gone!—burned up in the fiery mist. Mist? fire? no: neither one nor the other. It's mother makes the light—mother knitting, with ten flaming points at the ends of her fingers and thumbs, and slow-matches hanging in bunches all round her face instead of her own gray hair. Mother in her old arm-chair, and the pilot's long skinny hands hanging over the back of the chair, dripping with gunpowder. No! no gunpowder, no chair, no mother—nothing but the pilot's face, shining red-hot, like a sun, in the fiery mist; turning upside down in the fiery mist; running backward and forward along the slow-match, in the fiery mist; spinning millions of miles in a minute, in the fiery mist—spinning itself smaller and smaller into one tiny point, and that point darting on a sudden straight into my head—and then, all fire and all mist—no hearing, no seeing, no thinking, no feeling—the brig, the sea, my own self, the whole world, all gone together!

After what I've just told you, I know nothing and remember nothing, till I woke up (as it seemed to me) in a comfortable bed, with two rough-and-ready men like myself sitting on each side of my pillow, and a gentleman standing watching me at the foot of the bed. It was about seven in the morning. My sleep (or what seemed like my sleep to me) had lasted better than eight months—I was among my own countrymen in the island of Trinidad—the men at each side of my pillow were my keepers, turn and turn about—and the gentleman standing at the foot of the bed was the doctor. What I said and did in those eight months, I never have known, and never shall. I woke out of it as if it had been one long sleep—that's all I know.

It was another two months or more before the doctor thought it safe to answer the questions I asked him.

The brig had been anchored, just as I had supposed, off a part of the coast which was lonely enough to make the Spaniards pretty sure of no interruption, so long as they managed their murderous work quietly under cover of night.

My life had not been saved from the shore, but from the sea. An American vessel, becalmed in the offing, had made out the brig as the sun rose; and the captain having his time on his hands in consequence of the calm, and seeing a vessel anchored where no vessel had any reason to be, had manned one of his boats and sent his mate with it, to look a little closer into the matter, and bring back a report of what he saw.

What he saw, when he and his men found the brig deserted and boarded her, was a gleam of candle-light through the chink in the hatchway. The flame was within about a thread's breadth of the slow-match when he lowered himself into the hold; and if he had not had the sense and coolness to cut the match in two with his knife before he touched the candle, he and his men might have been blown up along with the brig as well as me. The match caught, and turned into sputtering red fire, in the very act of putting the candle out; and if the communication with the powder barrel had not been cut off, the Lord only knows what might have happened.

What became of the Spanish schooner and the pilot, I have never heard from that day to this.

As for the brig, the Yankees took her, as they took me, to Trinidad, and claimed their salvage, and got it, I hope, for their own sakes. I was landed just in the same state as when they rescued me from the brig—that is to say, clean out of my senses. But please to remember, it was a long time ago; and, take my word for it, I was discharged cured, as I have told you. Bless your hearts, I'm all right now, as you may see. I'm a little shaken by telling the story, as is only natural—a little shaken, my good friends, that's all.

## MR. CHARLES READE AND "THE WANDERING HEIR."

A writer in the London *Athenæum* having accused Mr. Charles Reade of plagiarizing certain portions of his latest novel—*The Wandering Heir*—the author wrote the following characteristic letter, which he claims was suppressed by the editor of that paper, but which was subsequently published in full in *Once a Week:*

### THE SHAM-SAMPLE SWINDLE.

*To the Editor of "Once a Week:"*

Sir,—The above literary fraud was first exposed and named in your pages—No. 34, New Series, August 22, 1868. I shall feel obliged if you will strike it another blow by inserting a letter that has been suppressed, yet misrepresented, in the *Athenæum*, January 18:

### THE SHAM-SAMPLE SWINDLE.

Sir Charles Dilke,—The above fraud is worked as follows: The Detractor takes an exceptional passage from a meritorious work, cites it in full, and then slyly suggests that the whole work is of that character. This fraud can never fail to deceive, because the little bit of truth is presented to the senses, the enormous lie is hidden from them. Having exposed, dissected, branded, and, above all, named this fraud, I hoped I had done with it; but I find I had only scotched the reptile: it is at me again in the *Athenæum*, January 4, and this time with defamatory suggestions, which compel me either to sue you for libel, or to test your character as a gentleman by an appeal to your honor and humanity. I take the latter course.

A Pseudonymuncule, said to be in the pay of your Weekly, pretends that he is an outside correspondent, and his initials are "C. F.;" and he alleges that he has got a house, and that *The Wandering Heir* was brought to it—by the wind, or by some one who said, "Slander me now this tale?"—and that he opened this tale at random, and, being familiar with Swift, fell at once on a passage he recognized as adapted from verses by Swift; and—being not familiar with Swift—is convinced the whole story, or the bulk of it, is adapted from the same source, and any fool could write it; which implies that he could write it himself, and so places me at the bottom of the human intellect.

One would think this was enough. Yet he proceeds to indelicacy, and from that to libel. He undertakes to say, without giving his authority—some printer's devil probably—that I am paid for this tale by the line, or by the word, or in some form that makes every word I have taken from Swift a commercial injustice to my publishers.

Now, Sir, I am an old gentleman, honorably connected with Letters; you are a young gentleman, honorably connected with Letters. A Pseudonymuncule has not a character to lose, nor a name that can be lowered; but you and I have both. It is to you, therefore, I must appeal to reconsider this insult. In all my long experience nothing so utterly snobbish as the above insinuation has ever been published about an author and a gentleman in a respectable Weekly. What! is a writer who would not be admitted to my kitchen, far less to my confidence, to be allowed to tell the public, in your columns, that he knows, or thinks he knows, how I treat with my publishers, and to found on that indelicate conjecture a lie, which is a libel?

I feel sure that on reflection you will be sorry any thing so unworthy of you has crept—perhaps in your absence—into the Weekly of which you are proprietor, vendor, and editor; and as I shall expect some expressions of gentleman-like regret from you, I hereby give you the material. Writers of my stamp are not paid, like Pseudonymuncula, by the line: my contract with the proprietors of the *Graphic* was for a fixed sum; but the bulk was not determined. Of course there was a minimum fixed; but they were liberal on their side, and I, who am an artist, and not a mere trader, gave them *nine columns over the minimum.*

My literal use of Swift, honestly examined, is about twenty lines. What becomes of the charge that I take money for every word, and sell Swift's words for Reade's?

You will, I am sure, withdraw this insinuation. The writer has little personal claim on you; for observe, if he is "C. F." in *Athenæum*, January 4, he is "Cæcilius" in the *Press*, January 4, and a trickster and a scurrilous skunk in both. I send you his article in the *Press*, that you may see from how unscrupulous a mind comes that libel in your own columns, which I hope you will now disapprove; and, in that hope, I proceed to correct the mere intellectual detraction with good temper. It is founded on two things—
1. The sham-sample swindle, which I have defined.
2. On a pardonable blunder.

The blunder is one into which many criticasters of my day have fallen; but a critic is more scientific, more discriminating. The scientific critic knows there is a vital distinction between taking ideas from a homogeneous source and from a heterogeneous source; and that only the first-mentioned of these two acts is plagiarism: the latter is more like jewel-setting. Call it what you like, it is not plagiarism.

I will take the fraud and the blunder in order, and illustrate them by a few examples, out of thousands.

By the identical process Pseudonymuncule has used to entrap your readers into believing *The Wandering Heir* a mere plagiarism one could prove the following positions:

1. That the Old Testament is a mere Holywell Street production, and ought to be instantly indicted under Campbell's act, and suppressed.
2. That the miracles of Jesus Christ are none of them the miracles of a God, nor even of a benevolent man—giving water intoxicating qualities, when the guests had drunk enough, Lord knows; cursing a fig-tree; driving pigs to a watery grave. This is how Voltaire works the sham-sample swindle, and gulls Frenchmen that let him read the Bible for them.
3. That Virgil never wrote a line he did not take from Lucretius, or somebody.
4. That Milton, the Poet, is *all* Homer, Euripides, and an Italian play called *Adam in Paradise.*
5. That Molière is all Plautus and Cyran de Bergerac, "et prend *tout* son bien on il le trouve."
6. That the same Molière never writes grammatical French.
7. That Shakspeare is *all* Plautus, Horace, Holingshed, Belleforest, and others.
8. That Corneille had not an idea he did not steal from Spain.
9. That Scott has not an original incident in all his works.
10. That five Italian operas are all English and Irish music.
11. That the overture to *Guillaume Tell* is all composed by Swiss shepherds.
12. That *Robinson Crusoe* is a mere theft from Woodes Rogers and Dampier.

Not one of these is a greater lie, and few of them are as great lies, as to call *The Wandering Heir* a plagiarism from Swift.

Now for the blunder. That will be best corrected by putting examples of jewel-setting and examples of plagiarism cheek by jowl.

Corneille's *Horaces*, a tragedy founded on a heterogeneous work—viz., a historical narrative by Livy—is not plagiarism. His *Cid*, taken from a Spanish play, is plagiarism. Shakspeare's *Comedy of Errors* and Molière's *Avare* are plagiarisms, both from Plautus. Shakspeare's *Macbeth*, taken from a heterogeneous work, a chronicle, is no plagiarism, though he uses a much larger slice of Holingshed's dialogue than I have taken from Swift, and follows his original more closely. The same applies to his *Coriolanus*. This tragedy is not a plagiarism; for Plutarch's life of Coriolanus is a heterogeneous work; and the art with which the great master uses and versifies Volumnia's speech, as he got it from North's translation of Plutarch, is jewel-setting, not plagiarism. By the same rule, *Robinson Crusoe*, though Defoe sticks close to Woodes Rogers and Dampier in many particulars of incident and reflection, is not a plagiarism, being romance founded on books of fact. The distinction holds good as to single incidents, or short and telling speeches. Scott's works are literally crammed with diamonds of incident and rubies of dialogue, culled from heterogeneous works, histories, chronicles, ballads, and oral traditions. But this is not plagiarism—it is jewel-setting. Byron's famous line,

> "The graves of those who can not die,"

is a plagiarism from another poet, Crabbe; but Wolsey's famous distich, in Shakspeare's *Henry the Eighth*, is not a plagiarism from Wolsey: it is a historical jewel set in a heterogeneous work, and set as none but a great inventor ever yet set a fact-jewel.

And, to compare small things with great—since science is never so great, so just, so scientific, as when she applies her equal laws to things identical in kind, though differing in degree—Swift's verses are not fictitious narrative, but a photograph, painting the inner life of many Dublin ladies at an epoch long gone by; and I—desirous as an artist to give touches of true color to my invention—did well to set that jewel in my *heterogeneous work*, and therein was not a plagiarist, but followed the highest and noblest masters of fiction in a distinct branch of their art.

Fiction is not lying: or Pseudonymuncula would really find it as easy as they pretend. Let any man look into Fiction scientifically, for a change, and he will find all fiction worth a button is founded on fact; and it matters less than the scientific suppose whether those facts are gathered by personal experience, or by hearsay, or from the experience of others, as recorded in manuscripts or printed records of fact. I have used one of Swift's experiences of real life, but please observe under what circumstances. The inner life of Irish people in 1726-40 is a matter so inaccessible and recondite that Macaulay was in open despair over it; and, unfortunately for me, Froude's researches were not yet public. When I write of my own day I have three great sources—experience, memory, and print; but in writing *The Wandering Heir* I had but one source. Then either I must do as the vulgar novelists do, drift into reckless blundering, and present for the eighteenth century the nineteenth century daubed with "Foregad" and "Pshaw," or I must take the scholar's way, and labor hard, grope as only scholars can, and put my labor to some profit. I took the scholar's way—I ransacked Dublin for old records; I raked out things even Macaulay missed; I gemmed my tale with many a recondite jewel of fact, and I used *one solitary passage* from so common a writer as Swift; but then that passage was a gem. I used it without disguise. I positively invited my readers to read Swift. The invitation was noticed in the *Athenæum* of December 27; and, shuffling apart, it was that very invitation sent the Pseudonymuncule to Swift. December 27 I was accused in the *Athenæum* of showing off my learning, and January 4 of disguising it.

Some things, Sir, can never be judged without their alternatives. Suppose I had not used that photograph of an Irish lady's life, what trash should I have written out of the depths of my inner consciousness? It was Swift, or lies; for that phase of Irish life he photographs has left no other trace. No, Sir, to set this unique jewel of truth in my heterogeneous work was no crime, intellectual or moral. My only crime is this: I have written too well. Invention, labor, research, and, above all, a close condensation, to be found in few other living English novelists—all these qualities combined have produced a strong yet finite story, which has fallen like a little thunder-bolt among the "contes à dormir debout" of garrulous mediocrity. This is the crime that has made Pseudonymuncule writhe with envy, and so boil with rage that your Weekly did not suffice to his hot hate; he must insult me, *on the same day*, in a Weakly (*sic*) that is dying for a kick from me, and will have to die without that honor. My real crime, I say, is indicated in certain lines from the *Times* newspaper, which deserve immortality. Please rescue them from unjust oblivion:

"There is no vice of which a man can be guilty, no shabbiness, no wickedness, which excites so much indignation among his contemporaries, as his success. This is the unpardonable crime, which reason can not defend nor humility mitigate.

> 'When Heaven with such parts has blest him,
> Have I not reason to detest him!'

is a genuine and natural expression of the vulgar mind. The man who labors as we can not labor, speaks as we can not speak, writes as we can not write, and thrives as we can not thrive has accumulated in his own person all the offenses of which a man can be guilty. Down with him! Why cumbereth he the ground?"

I am, Sir—with thanks for your courtesy and politeness in inserting so long a letter—your faithful servant,

Charles Reade.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An advertisement in a daily paper wants "a boy to open oysters about fifteen years old." We should think that situation ought to be filled by a boy with a strong stomach and a terrific cold in his head—for those oysters must be extremely fragrant now. But why the advertiser desires to open them we can not imagine.

Query.—Does a dumb man always keep his word?

The Magic Mirror—A beautiful face lit up with smiles.

When Shakspeare wrote about patience *on* a monument, did he refer to doctors' patients?—No.

How do you know he didn't?—Because you always find them *under* a monument.

Can stealing tea be called a crime when it is only *leaf*-taking?

Would not stearin' candles be the best illuminators for light-houses?

Ought a strong boy to be paid a *weekly* salary?

At a funeral the undertaker arranged for the husband and mother-in-law to ride in the same carriage. "Must I," said the broken-hearted man—"must I ride with that awful woman?" "I think you will have to," answered the undertaker. "Well, if I must, I must," replied he; "but to ride with her destroys all the pleasure of the occasion!"

A Notice of a Peal—Lightning.

Sterne, the author of the *Sentimental Journey*, who had the credit of treating his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine, sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said he, with amazing assurance, "who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have his house burned over his head." "If you think so," replied Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

What key unlocks the doors of misery?—*Whis-key.*

Why are gymnastics like the tide at low water?—Because they develop *muscles* (mussels).

Vain Attempts at High Art.—Painting the weather-cock on a church steeple.

A genius has discovered how to cut wood without using an axe or a saw. He uses a hatchet.

A girl in the country committed suicide to cure a boil on her nose. It was a success.

A witty little housewife of our acquaintance says there is no venison in the market, but plenty of *dear* meat.

Would you rather go through a giddy waltz with a pretty girl than go through a pretty waltz with a giddy girl? We pause for a reply.

A very dry Tap—The tap of the drum.

Scandalous!—The friendship of two young ladies is always a plot against a third one.

When you see an old gentleman of sixty on a clear, bright, frosty day carrying a blue cotton umbrella, tied tightly about the waist with a shoe-string—the umbrella tied, not the old gentleman—you may look out for snow before night, but the probabilities are that you will not see it.

A tawny General—Othello.

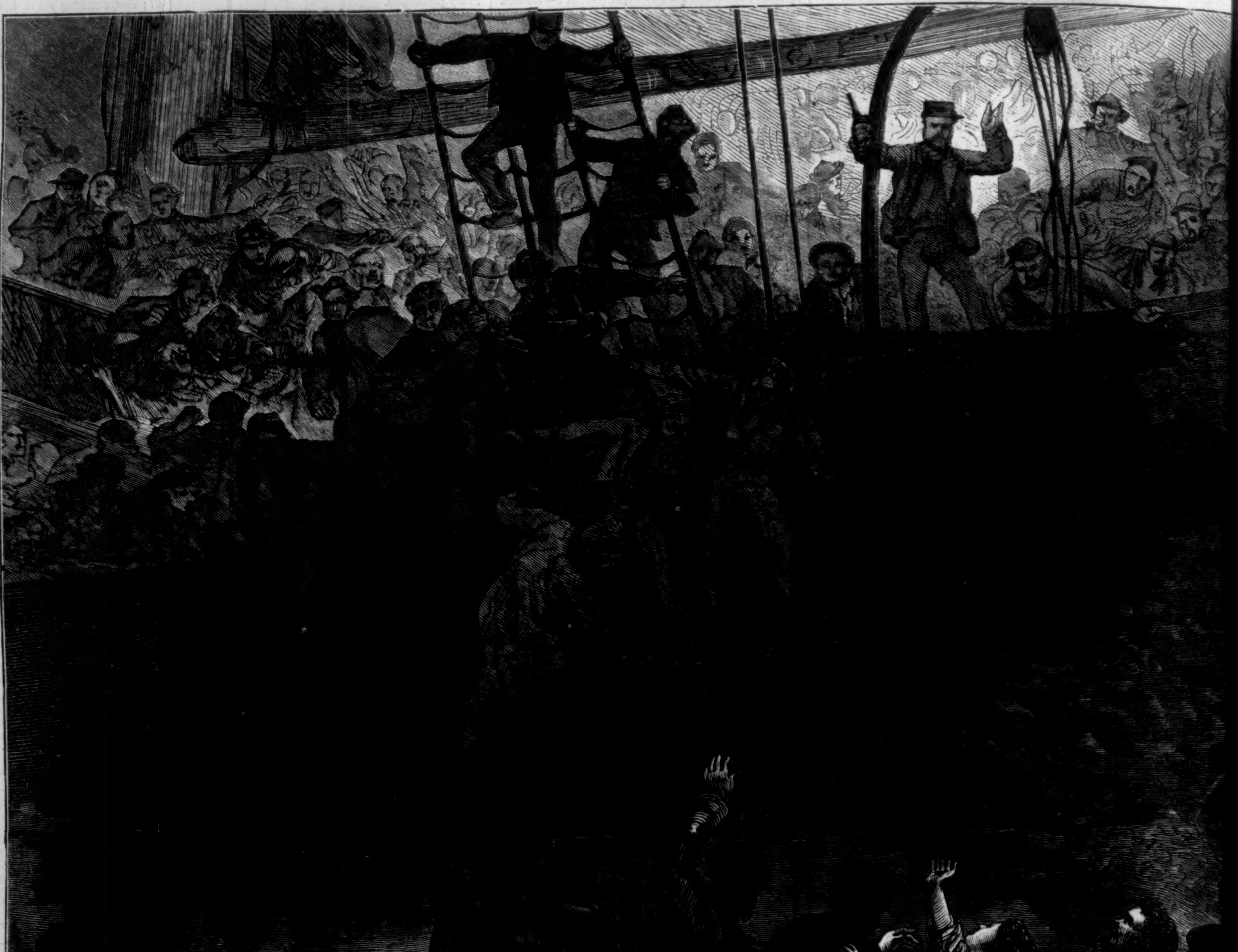
"Paws for a reply," as the cat said when she scratched the dog for barking at her.

A man recently broke off a marriage because the lady did not possess good conversational powers. A cynical friend, commenting on the fact, says, "He should have married her and refused her a new bonnet, and then he would have discovered her conversational powers!"

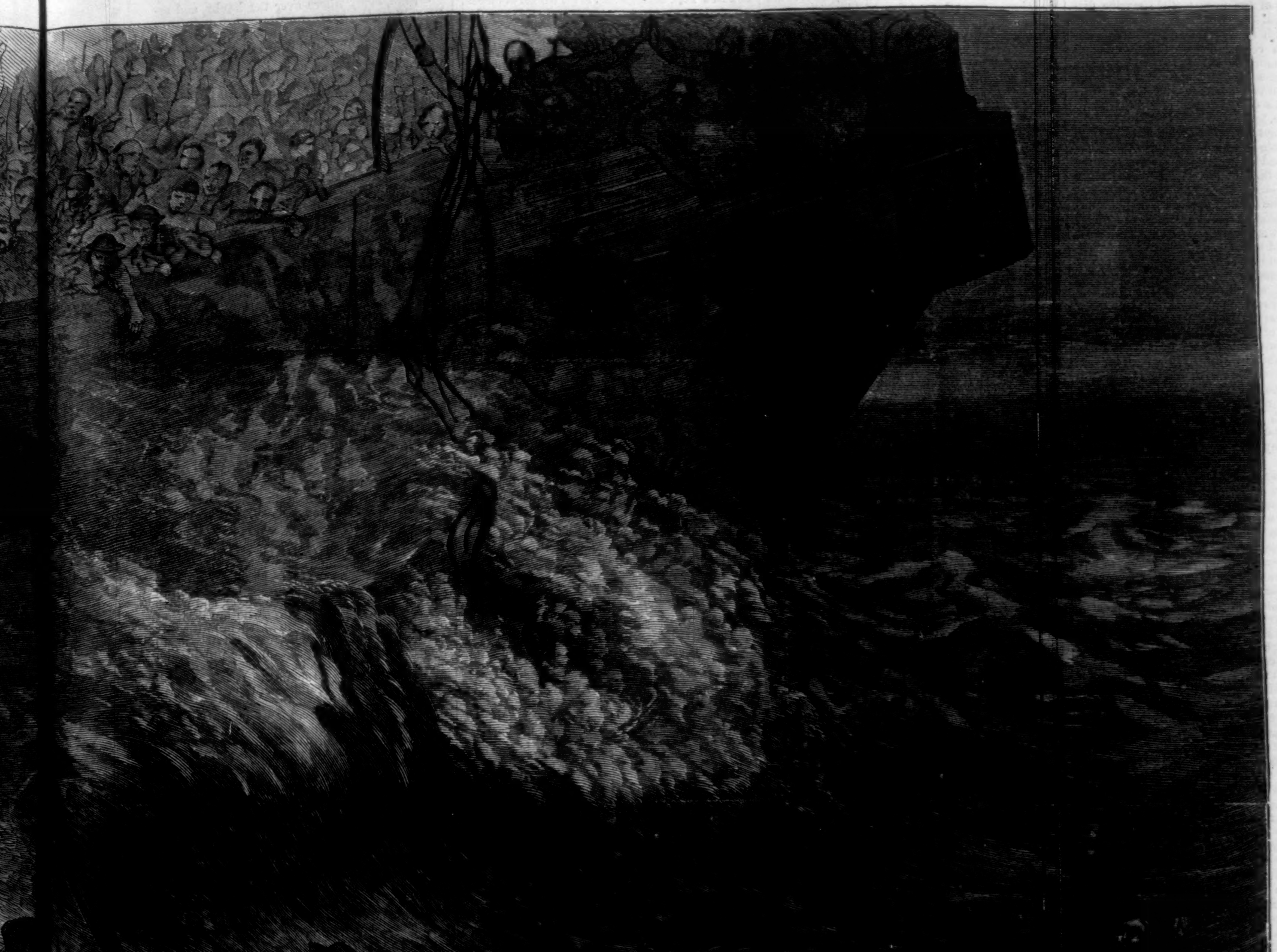
A Water-Spout—A teetotal oration.

True.—If punning is the *lowest* kind of wit, it must, then, be the *foundation* of all wit.

A boy of tender years and heart has drowned seventeen kittens, tied tin pans to the tails of all the neighbors' dogs, ornamented his chamber by pinning flies to the wall, cut brickbats with his uncle's razor, blown up a pet canary with a fire-cracker, pulled the tail feathers out of two roosters, been thrown into the top of an apple-tree by a cow that he was teasing, brushed his father's hat against the grain, told his sister's lover about her false teeth, and still his fond mother intends him for the pulpit.



LOSS OF THE "NORTHFLEET" IN THE BRITISH



TISH HANNEL—THE CAPTAIN'S FAREWELL.—[SEE PAGE 178.]

## THE LOSS OF THE "NORTHFLEET."

The loss of the *Northfleet*, bound for Hobart-Town, which was run into by a steamer, supposed to have been the *Murillo*, while anchored in the British Channel for the night, and close to shore, was one of the most terrible marine disasters on record. The ship was full of railway "navvies" (with their wives and children), engaged for the completion of the Tasmanian Railway, and more than three hundred of these perished. The steamer, having cut the ill-fated vessel almost in twain, pursued her voyage without a moment's delay, or the least attempt to give assistance. In strong contrast with the heartless conduct of the Spanish captain was that of the noble-hearted captain of the *Northfleet*. He stood on the sinking ship, revolver in hand, to see that the boats should receive the women and children *first*; nor, though he failed in the end, did he shrink from maintaining his authority when some of the rough fellows of whom his passengers were composed would have made a rush for life and borne down those of the weaker sex; he fired, and with effect, at one transgressor, who, strangely enough, survives, while the gallant Knowles sank with his ship. This gentleman—for such, in truth, he was—had been only mate of the *Northfleet* until a few days before, when, just on the eve of sailing, his commanding officer (as the last person who had seen Sir Roger before the loss of the *Bella*) was subpœnaed for the approaching Tichborne trial, and had to remain in England, when Knowles took his place. He had only been married a few weeks, and his bride sailed with him—a young girl of nineteen, who is among the saved.

"Good-by, my darling," cried he, from the parting planks.

"Good-by, my love; I shall never see you more," answered she, from the crowded boat.

Our double-page picture furnishes a vivid illustration of this touching scene.

And then the ship "settled down and dived under, head-foremost," with its three hundred souls. This piece of romance has added to the general compassion and excitement beyond measure; and the Queen, through the President of the Board of Trade, telegraphed "her heart-felt sympathy to the survivors of the *Northfleet*, and especially to Mrs. Knowles."

The most frightful feature of this dread catastrophe is the conduct of those in the steamer. The mate of the ill-fated ship actually spoke with some of these after the shock had taken place, and before the two vessels were disengaged; but they all seemed to be foreigners, and he sang out, "Send up the Frenchman" (there being one of that nation on board), "for they don't understand me." In the mean time the crew of the steamer "were running to the bow with a piece of tarpaulin, which they threw over the figure-head to hide her name."

As she backed water, "Oh my God!" cried the mate, "stop and save us, for we have four hundred emigrants aboard;" but "it was not a bit of use, for she shot ahead across our bows, and was away, with her black smoke driving in our faces, before we could say many words to each other, while they on board of her cried out something foreign, which, of course, we could make nothing of."

Noble and creditable to humanity, indeed, as was the conduct of Captain Knowles, the behaviour of these heartless villains is enough to cast shame upon the whole profession of the mercantile marine, especially when we learn from one acquainted with it that "nothing is more common than when a steamer comes into collision with a sailing vessel for the former to 'make clean off.' The captain will probably lose his certificate, if he is caught, and the owners will have to pay for the damage. Many a 'missing' vessel has thus been sent to the bottom, and none left to tell the tale. The captain of the escaped vessel hopes it may be all right: he does not know the name of the vessel he cut down, and is never afterward certain that he has absolutely destroyed life, while he does know that he has managed to escape the punishment he deserves." Deep, indeed, as is the public pity for the survivors of the catastrophe—pity which has already, we are glad to say, assumed a tangible shape—the public indignation at the conduct of those who caused it is still more pronounced.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

On the second Sunday in February the reading-room of the Public Library of Boston was opened to all comers between the hours of two and nine o'clock P.M. For many years a portion of the community have desired that the privileges of the reading-room, and library also, should be given to those who desire them on Sundays. The trustees of the institution have long recognized this demand of the public, and now the City Council has given its sanction to the experiment. Over four hundred visited the reading-room on this first Sunday, quietly occupied themselves with various books and papers, and as quietly dispersed to their homes when the room was closed. The services of the attendants were voluntary. The experiment is pronounced a success, so far as it has gone.

It is interesting to look back and see the progress of the press during the past two centuries. The first newspaper issued in the United States was published in Boston, September 25, 1690. It was declared contrary to law, and suppressed by the Colonial Legislature. Only one number was printed, so far as is known, and if it had a name, it seems not to have come down to posterity. The *New England Courant* was started by James Franklin, brother of Benjamin, at Boston, in 1721. In 1754 there were four papers in Boston, two in New York, two in Philadelphia, and one in Williamsburg, Virginia. There were thirty-seven papers in all the colonies in 1776. From the late report of the Commissioner of Education we gather some interesting statistics of a later date. In 1835 there were over 1000 newspapers published in the United States—fifty of these were dailies. In 1840 there were 1631 newspapers, with a yearly issue of 195,838,673. The number had increased to 2800 in 1850, the yearly issue being 426,409,978 copies. There were then 254 daily papers. In 1860 there were, including monthly and other periodicals, 4051, with an annual circulation of 927,951,548 copies. In 1871 the number had grown to 5983 in the States and seventy-three in the Territories. Over 600 of these were dailies. The whole number of papers issued in 1871 in the United States and Territories was 1,499,922,219. New York publishes a larger number of daily papers than any other State, and Pennsylvania comes next in order. There are but 548 newspapers in the United States that print more than 5000 copies each, and only eleven that print 100,000 copies each issue.

A Pennsylvania gentleman owns a horse worth having. The sagacious animal takes the children to school in the morning, returning home driverless, and at night returns for them in the same way, rubbing his nose against the window-pane to indicate his presence.

A Bangor (Maine) paper says that a gentleman in that vicinity has kept an accurate record of the snow which has fallen each year for twenty years past, and that the average annual amount has been seventy-four inches. This year the amount of snow which had fallen up to February 4 was about one hundred inches. Last year at that time only fifty-nine inches had fallen. If snow continues to fall in Maine at the same rate that it has thus far, there must be tremendous freshets in the spring.

Explain what you want—young man or old—when you go to the town-clerk to get a license. Such is the moral deducible from a little incident which recently transpired in Holyoke, Massachusetts. A man called upon the town-clerk and requested a "license." The clerk took down a blank and wrote the stranger's name and address.

"The dog's name?" said the clerk.

"I don't want a dog license," said the applicant.

The clerk then took a marriage-certificate and requested the lady's name. It finally turned out that what was wanted was a license to sell wares.

A French journal of horticulture says that tan has been found to be an efficient preventive against the potato disease. For several years a French farmer has introduced a small quantity of the residue of the bark used in tanning into each hole on planting potatoes, and has been successful in preserving his fields free from the disease.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was but twenty-three years old when he finished his well-known and popular comedy of *The Rivals*. It was written at the request of the manager of Covent Garden, and within a period of two months during the year 1774. The comedy failed on its first representation, chiefly from the bad acting of one performer; but this being remedied, it at once met with public favor. *The Rivals* was said to be Sheridan's own history, and Falkland his own experience in love-making. From its lively plot and the exquisite humor of its dialogue, this play, even without the aid of its more famous successor, *The School for Scandal*, would have placed Sheridan in the first rank of comic writers. *The School for Scandal* appeared when Sheridan was about twenty-six years old, and was immediately popular. It is singular that during the life of Mr. Sheridan no authorized or correct edition of this play should have been published in England, the author having kept back the manuscript for nineteen years, endeavoring to satisfy himself with the style.

A Maine paper tells a little story about the bell of the "Old South Church," in Boston. It appears that many years ago certain parties in England gave to the First Congregational Church of Biddeford, Maine, a bell. For some reason or other the freight on the bell was not paid, and it was lying upon a wharf in Boston for a long time. At length it was sold to pay charges, and now hangs in the tower of the "Old South," in Boston. The fact that Biddeford was its destination is cast in the bell. It is now suggested that, the old church being turned into a post-office, some measures be taken to secure the bell for Biddeford, as was originally intended.

*Middlemarch*, like all of George Eliot's works, is full of brief paragraphs connected with the story, yet conveying independent lessons of truth worthy to be remembered. For example:

> "We are on a perilous margin when we begin to look passively at our future selves, and see our own figures led with dull consent into insipid misdoing and shabby achievement."
>
> "There is a forsaking which still sits at the same board and lies on the same couch with the forsaken soul, withering it the more by unloving proximity."
>
> "There are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration: they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us; and our sins become the worst kind of sacrilege which tears down the invisible altar of trust."
>
> "Who can know how much of his most inward life is made up of the thoughts he believes other men to have about him until that fabric of opinion is threatened with ruin?"
>
> "In courtship every thing is regarded as provisional and preliminary, and the smallest sample of virtue or accomplishment is taken to guarantee delightful stores which the broad leisure of marriage will reveal. But the door-sill of marriage once crossed, expectation is concentrated on the present."

No one acquainted with the writings of George Eliot will need the assurance that *Middlemarch* is a novel of rare excellence and unusual interest.

Boston has brought to light an "Oldest Inhabitant" whose memory differs from most of his clan. The *Commercial Bulletin* says "the Oldest Inhabitant remembers distinctly when there were eleven feet of snow on the Common, and the boys used to coast from the top of Bunker Hill Monument clear away down to Charles River. 'We don't have no such weather now,' said the Oldest Inhabitant, with a regretful sigh. 'Folks call this cold weather! why it's dog-days and yellow fever to what it used to be when I was young.'"

One person who went from France to attend the funeral of Louis Napoleon carried some soil dug from the garden of the Tuileries, which he strewed over the coffin after it was deposited in the sacristy of the chapel at Chiselhurst.

A Maine judge, holding court in York County, of that State, recently stopped an attorney, who was attempting to excuse his client for an assault committed while he was under the influence of liquor, with this remark: "So long as I sit upon this bench it shall never be said of me that I hesitated in passing sentence in a case where the person accused attempted to excuse his action because he was full of 'fighting rum.'"

Those who are fond of conundrums may enjoy picking out the following, which purports to be the reply of a New York business man to the teacher of his son, who had written to ask his preference in the prescribed course of studies:

"Wall Street, New York, *Dec.* 1, 1872.

"Sir,—Yours to h'd & cont's noted. Don't want son to study str'n'my. 'Twon't pay. No ships run'g to stars, and no prospect of it. All bosh, if 'twon't h'lp trade. Also stop Latin & Greek. Boy'll pick up such L't'n words as petit larceny & *delirium tremens*, &c., soon 'nough he'r in Gold B'd. I'm bullish on 'rithm't'k & sp'g, and T'k some stock in gr'm'r too, but I can make money 'nough without L't'n and G'k, etc. No use. I'm memb' St'k Exc'g, Chamb' Com', &c. Daboll's Arithm'tic is short of stock terms. Put boy thr'gh on margins, corn'rs, Dr., Cr., ct. pr. ct., cl'r house, Railr'ds, and Go'v'ts yourself, & go short on y'r Grk and Lt', &c., &c. They're best md'ise for the street—always in dem'd here. I mean Dr. & Cr. etc. When term ends, please ship boy and B'ks by N. Y. C. & H. R. R. with B. L'd'g in hat, cons'g'n to —— ——, B'd Street. Draw sight d'ft for bill. Money easy—st'ks stiff & short int'st cov'rd. Shill I get you long on 100 L. S. at 67? Boys tuition do for margin. Exc'nge e'sy. Yours, etc."

All who have ever read Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea* will have a vivid remembrance of his description of the "devil-fish." A genuine specimen of this creature is said to have been lately captured on the coast of Georgia, and to be now in the cabinet of a gentleman of Middleborough. It was four feet in diameter, and had a diver in its clutches when caught. Such is the story of an American "devil-fish!"

A divorce is claimed by a California woman on the ground that she was intoxicated when she was married, and she presents her husband as evidence that she could not have been in her sober senses when she married him!

How many of those who buy in the market or on the street corner an orange, and after having eaten it carelessly throw the peel on the sidewalk, realize the danger they thus place in the way of all foot passengers? Of course no one deliberately wishes to jeopardize the limbs of others; but such thoughtlessness is in the highest degree blameworthy. The dangers of the street are numerous enough at best, and throwing fruit skins under the feet should be a misdemeanor at law.

The German artist Kaulbach is at work on a colossal painting of the deluge, designed for the Vienna Exposition. Somebody suggests that, of course, he will use water-colors.

An exchange gives a list of "living principles of business," from which we select a few which will be useful for every one in business to follow: "Strict attention. Politeness to patrons. No misrepresentations permitted. Treat rich and poor alike. Fair dealing with every transaction. Never urge a customer to buy what he don't want. Share with your patrons the bargains you may secure: if you buy low, sell accordingly. Never attempt to cover up any thing: speak the truth. Perform all you promise. Retail merchandise at one named price, and never deviate."

"Well, Harry," asked a father of his little boy on returning from church one Sunday, "how did you like the sermon?"

"Not very well," was the quick reply; "the minister spoke so loud that I couldn't hear him!"

Parents may not realize how completely young ears may be confused by the rhetorical addresses that come from the pulpit.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Verrill, in further discussing the collections made by the parties of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries upon the Coast Survey steamer *Bache* during her cruise off the coast of New England during the summer of 1872, sums up by stating that they represent six distinct faunas and sub-faunas, as follows:

*First*, the surface fauna outside of the Banks, and, at certain times, even extending over their outer slopes. This is essentially the same as the fauna prevailing over the entire surface of the central parts of the Atlantic Ocean, and shows very clearly the direct effects of the Gulf Stream.

*Second*, the surface fauna inside of the Banks, which is decidedly Northern in character, very similar to that of the Bay of Fundy. The contrast between the two shows that the Gulf Stream is almost entirely turned aside by the Banks, and has comparatively little effect upon the fauna of the region between them and the coast.

*Third*, the fauna of the St. George's Bank itself. This is decidedly boreal in character, and essentially identical with that of the Bay of Fundy at corresponding depths, on similar bottoms, and in regions swept by strong currents. The fauna of the southwestern part, however, is less boreal than that of the northeastern.

*Fourth*, the fauna of the Le Have Banks, and off Halifax. This, even at the moderate depth of twenty fathoms, is decidedly more arctic in character than that of the George's or the Bay of Fundy at similar or even greater depths.

*Fifth*, between the George's and Le Have banks and the coast there is a great region of cold and comparatively deep water—in places more than 100 fathoms in depth—with a bottom of mud and fine sand, and communicating with the great ocean basin by a channel between the George's and Le Have banks, which is comparatively narrow, and, in some places, at least 150 fathoms deep. This partially inclosed region has, physically and zoologically, the essential features of a gulf, and may be called the George's Gulf. The deeper waters of the Bay of Fundy are directly continuous with those of this area. The fauna of this gulf and of its outlet is peculiarly rich in species new to our coast, and nearly identical with that of the deeper waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and agrees very closely with that found on muddy bottoms, and at similar depths, on the coasts of Greenland, Finland, and Norway.

*Sixth*, the deepest dredging, in 430 fathoms, was outside of the George's Banks, on the slope of the actual continental border, and within the limits of the true Atlantic "basin." The fauna there is especially rich and varied, decidedly Northern in character, and agrees closely with that of similar localities and depths on the European side. The animals were mostly such as inhabit bottoms swept by strong currents in the Bay of Fundy.

He also gives additional generalizations, as follows:

*Seventh*, every where over the Banks, and especially on the southern slopes, the difference between the bottom and surface amounts to from 15° to 20°, or even more; the surface temperature being usually from 60° to 72°. The temperature of the air was very near that of the water, generally one or two degrees higher.

*Eighth*, no such contrast of temperature was found inside of the Banks in the George's Gulf or the Bay of Fundy; the difference seldom being more than ten degrees, and often, especially in the Bay of Fundy, less than five. The surface temperatures at corresponding dates in the Bay of Fundy were 48° to 53°, showing an average difference of about 20° for the surface temperature in the two regions, while the average bottom temperatures do not appear to differ materially.

*Ninth*, the high surface temperature of the Banks is evidently due chiefly to the direct influence of the Gulf Stream.

*Tenth*, the very low surface temperature of the Bay of Fundy is largely due to its *geographical position*, and the *absence* of any appreciable influence from the Gulf Stream, but is no doubt intensified by the powerful tides, which are constantly mixing the cold bottom water with that of the surface.

The facts hitherto observed do not seem to warrant the assumption that an "arctic current," properly so called, as distinguished from the tidal currents, enters the George's Gulf or the Bay of Fundy. The action of the tidal currents in bringing up the cold bottom waters of the ocean is perhaps a cause sufficient to produce most of the coldness of the water in this region.

The death of F. A. Pouchet on the 6th of December, 1872, at Rouen, in France, has lately been announced to the Academy of Sciences in Paris.

A very important extension of the work of the Signal-office, as far as its system of weather telegraphy is concerned, is about to go into operation. The forecasts now published in all the daily papers in the United States, and which are eagerly scanned by those who are desirous of knowing what is in store for them in the way of weather, are, of course, only serviceable to those who live in the places of the publication of those papers, or can be reached by them with little delay through the mail. It is now proposed to call the post-offices of the country into requisition as intermediate agents for disseminating this intelligence, for which purpose the territory east of the Mississippi has been divided into districts of about two hundred miles in extent each way, and each having a point of distribution near its centre to which the "probabilities" will be telegraphed from Washington, from which two copies of the report are to be sent to all post-offices within the district which can be reached by mail as early as six o'clock P.M. each day.

It is well known that country post-offices are the centres of intelligence to rural districts, and in order to afford the farmers in the community, especially, an opportunity of profiting by this information, postmasters receiving these dispatches are to place a copy as soon as furnished in a conspicuous situation, where the public can see and read it. The New York *Herald* of January 18 contains a chart, furnished by the Signal-office, illustrating the districts referred to, from which any one can ascertain the central office whence his own information will be disseminated.

The white-bait of the Thames is a small fish, well known to be a favorite dish with the English, the "white-bait dinners" at Greenwich being familiar features in English fiction as well as in its history. This fish is a very diminutive kind of herring, which is taken in immense numbers at a certain season of the year on the coast of Great Britain. For many years it has been a question among ichthyologists as to whether this actually constituted a distinct species, or was the young of some larger fish, but Dr. Gunther, high authority on this subject, has finally decided that it is simply a young sea-herring.

Quite recently an article has appeared in the markets of Washington, D. C., which has been sold under the name of white-bait, and furnishing a choice and expensive dish at the dinner-table of epicures. Professor Agassiz, during his recent visit, had his attention called to this fish, and on sending for some uncooked specimens ascertained that they were the young of various kinds of small fish, principally the sunfish, white perch, and minnows. It may interest those who are in the habit of using these fish to know that the minnows, which constitute by far the greatest part of the so-called white-bait, are taken largely at the mouths of the sewers of the city, for which they serve as veritable scavengers, rendering, indeed, an important part in purifying the water from the vile refuse dissolved in it. How far this food may increase the savory qualities of the fish we leave it to our readers to judge. It is needless to add that there is nothing in the Washington white-bait at all resembling that referred to in the beginning of our paragraph.

In the death of Professor G. A. Grünert, of Greifswalde, the science of mathematics loses one of its most active votaries. For many years he was engaged in editing and managing the well-known *Archiv der Mathematik und Physik*—a work which ranked among the best of its class.

Mr. Lockyer contributes a very interesting article to *Nature*, under the title of *The Meteorology of the Future*, in which he inquires into the possibility of anticipating the climatological conditions of the country for years before any given period. He remarks that the most feasible solution of the problem, ascertained from meteorological phenomena, is whether there is a general movement in regular cycles; and from the observations of Mr. Meldrum and others he is inclined to believe that there is such a cycle, and that it corresponds very closely to the eleven-year sun-spot period. The connection between these sun-spot periods and the most favorable vine-growing seasons has already been pointed out by various writers; and it is not improbable that by continuing the inquiry, as suggested by Mr. LOCKYER, important results will be obtained that may place the science of meteorology on an entirely new basis.

The Fourth Annual Report, for 1871, of Professor R. W. RAYMOND, United States Commissioner of Mining Statistics, has just been published by Congress, in a volume of about 560 pages. This contains the usual valuable summary of the condition of the mining industry in the States and Territories of the far West, and an account of improved metallurgical processes in the way of lead ores, the treatment of gold and silver ores, the amalgamation of gold and silver ores, the treatment of native silver ores in Chihuahua, the metallurgical value of the lignites of the far West, and the metallurgy of native sulphur.

To this is added the consideration of the mining laws, the wire rope in transportation, etc., closing with an appendix upon the bullion product. This, for all the States and Territories west of Missouri, and exclusive of New Mexico, amounts, according to Professor RAYMOND, to $58,284,029. The report, like its predecessors, contains a vast amount of statistical and other information, and will doubtless be eagerly sought for by those interested in mines and mining.

Mr. JOHN MUIR, in the *Overland Monthly*, announces the existence of actual glaciers in the Merced group of California mountains, and remarks that the snow banks of Mounts Lyell and M'Clure, of the Yosemite region, are true glaciers, as shown by the forward movement of stakes planted by him across the bank. The central stakes were found to move forty inches in forty-six days, while the surroundings exhibit all the peculiarities of glaciers in the form of moraines, etc. The Mount M'Clure glacier is about half a mile in length, and of the same breadth in the broadest part, and the Mount Lyell glacier is about a mile long.

# LITTLE KATE KIRBY.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," "Poor Humanity," etc., etc.

## Book the Fourth.

## ONE OF THE FAMILY.

### CHAPTER XXI.

### WARNING VOICES.

THE pocket-book was in Jonathan Kirby's hand when I set down the light and ran to him.

"Give me that—you must not, shall not touch it!" I cried, indignantly.

"It is my own property, Faith—it's some money I lent Dick to come down."

"It's false. It is the trade secret of the Westmairs, which you have coveted for years, and have tempted that poor wretch to steal for you. You shall not have it."

My father put his hands with the pocket-book behind him, and burst into a rage for which I was unprepared.

"You lie, Faith—it's my money. You must not try to browbeat me, or I shall curse you for your officiousness and ingratitude. I tell you that it's my money, fool—if you come nearer to me I shall strike you!" he yelled forth.

As he backed away from me, he backed into the arms of some one advancing along the short-cut across the meadow-land. It was Abel Westmair coming for the last news of the night, who had heard part of the truth—and it was his strong hand which seized upon the book and wrenched it from my father's clasp.

"Ha!—who is it?" screamed my father.

"My name is Westmair, Mr. Kirby. Will you call for this in the morning, please, if you have any claim to it?" he said, passing on toward the farm.

"Damnation!" said my father, heartily; then he sat down by the side of Richard Simmons, and fanned himself with his hat again, and panted very much.

I stood regarding him attentively, for his excitement had alarmed me, until he said, between his set teeth,

"You can go. I have had quite enough of you for one night."

I went from him, and, as I looked behind me, at the farm-house door, I saw that my father had risen and, with his hands in his pockets, was walking moodily along the private path toward the high-road.

Entering the farm-house parlor, I found Abel Westmair examining the pocket-book which he had taken from my father's hand. The light which I had set down before the door he had brought in and placed upon the table, whereon were many papers strewn.

"They are quite right, Miss Kirby," Abel said, as I entered the room; "there is nothing missing."

"I am glad of that," I answered.

He returned the papers to their receptacles in the pocket-book, round which he secured the string.

"This has been a secret very jealously guarded," he said; "but for whom I am keeping it now, Heaven knows. Your father and that drunkard Simmons have, at least, no right to it."

"No."

"And yet it is no use to me, I have done with business. Martin," he added, "had better take care of it, if he will. Where is he?"

"He is talking to my sister."

"Will you mind this for him?" Abel inquired, as he tendered me the pocket-book.

"Please, no," I said, quickly; "I would rather not have any thing to do with it."

"I am very weary of its care," Abel said, "and you are more likely to keep this safely than my nephew. What does it matter which of the two has it?"

I regarded him with surprise, although I guessed at the meaning that he intended to convey.

"It may not seem a fitting time to speak of this," said Abel Westmair, "but it is the first thought of that poor sufferer up stairs."

"Has she told you, then—any thing?" I asked, with anxiety.

"Yes."

"When was that?"

"On the night you came here, before I met you on the cliff."

"Why did she—"

As I paused, he said,

"Why did she trust me, do you mean? Ah! that's a deeper riddle than I have been able to solve."

"Pardon me, I did not mean that."

"Your sister has had grave doubts of me all my life, and yet it is possible that in a few words I have helped to dissipate them," he explained.

"I am very glad. I did not know that you had seen her—she has not spoken of you to me," I murmured.

"I am at most times an unpleasant subject of conversation," he replied, dryly, "and we had not many words to exchange. She wished that Martin and I should be friends again—we are friends."

"Oh! I did not think—"

"That I should be so weak," said Abel, finishing my sentence once more after his own uncomfortable fashion; "well, we are as much friends as we are ever likely to be. Your sister wished that it should be so—Martin Westmair is her hero as well as yours, remember."

I felt my cheeks flush at this last assertion, and my bosom give a quick, indignant throb.

"This is not the time or place to talk of this," I cried, warmly.

"I am of your opinion, Miss Kirby," he said, with his old frigid politeness apparent, "but I have been led on by your questioning. It is an error, and I have made many errors lately."

I assented to this by a half-inclination of my head. It was purely mechanical, but his eyes flashed at the movement, which he evidently resented.

"You think it an error that I should take Martin as a partner, or set him in my place as principal—after all," he said, quickly; "you do not thank me for my want of moral courage?"

"I was not aware that you had acted thus generously," I answered.

"Your sister thinks a great deal of my nephew's future—it troubles her—she can not see what is best for him, what will become of him if he go away from old friends, and she has loved Martin with a strange intensity of passion that in the last is far from selfish. Hence she believes—shall I go on?" he asked.

"If you think it necessary," I said, trembling a little.

He continued without a moment's hesitation:

"Hence she believes that, with her death, the old position will be resumed, and that it is right it should be so. She believes that your old love for Martin Westmair will burn as ardently as ever, when she is not by to mar it, and that, in memory of her even, you will step back to the affection you once had for him. Possibly you will—women are naturally forgiving."

"Thank Heaven that we are!" I answered.

"Ay, thank Heaven too!"

"This is my sister's dying wish?"

"Uttered in those weak moments which believe in your future happiness with Martin Westmair," he said, almost fiercely, "but which may tie you to much misery, if you can not sink all doubts of his stability. Then it will be all a mistake—a wickedness—a wrong—and more trouble will come of it."

"But—"

The third time he interrupted me:

"But you loved Martin only two days ago, and there will not be many steps to retrace, and woman *is* forgiving," he cried, "and you have promised your sister to marry my nephew?"

"Yes—should he wish that marriage some day—years hence," I said, shuddering in spite of me.

In my heart I felt already that he would never ask me, and that all love was dead between us, struck down with little Kate Kirby. I could not explain to Abel Westmair all that was in my thoughts—all that I was anxious to set apart from the ghastly present whereon the shadow of my life was falling.

"Your sister is sanguine of what will follow the misery of to-day; she prepares for your future, and looks forward to it. Poor woman!"

"Poor woman!" I echoed back.

"And I am once again constituted the guardian of you both," he said, almost satirically. "Martin is partner or principal on the day he marries you, and I ask you to forget all offers made in my pity for your desolation."

"I would forget every thing, except that my sister Kate is dying," I said, indignantly again, "but you will have no mercy."

"I have said more than I intended," Abel answered, quickly; "I have pained you more than I intended too; forgive me. Let me pass away with all my ill tempers thick upon me—my sullenness, jealousy, evil-speaking, and uncharitableness. I am not fit for any life but my own—no one knows more surely than myself what a hard-hearted wretch I am. I have forgotten your sister, and insulted you—you, who even this night were fighting in my cause against your father."

"My father was acting like a villain; God forgive him!"

"He is a little sharp in his business transactions, but then he is in the same line of business as myself, and his polish is hardly up to the mark," said Abel Westmair, with a forced smile that was worse than his bad temper. He was strangely variable in his moods that evening, and more than ever an enigma. He was a man who strove to do some good in the world, and whose actions had proved that he was not the hard, relentless being which, by his own showing, he would have had the world believe; he was a very bad-tempered man, and perhaps I hardly understood him more thoroughly than on the day I met him first in Watling Street. Sometimes I thought that I read him like a book, and then the clouds would shut him in, and hide his true self from me. I was wondering at him as he sat there, when the maid-servant came into the room.

"If you please, your sister wishes to see you."

"Not worse?" I cried, springing to my feet.

"No—not worse, I believe, ma'am," said the girl, jumping nervously at my eagerness.

"I will come directly. Is Mr. Westmair with her?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Very well."

"This is to ratify all promises made on his side and on yours," said Abel, "so that there shall be no misconceptions afterward. It is as well."

I hesitated more than once upon the stairs that led to Katie's room. I was reluctant to ascend and face them both; my doubts of the wisdom of all this seemed to grow more heavy as I went toward them, and there were warning voices—born of Abel Westmair's words—ringing in my ears.

### CHAPTER XXII.

### WE THREE TOGETHER.

As I entered my sister's room, my quick glance assured me that the old nervousness, or the new restlessness, had returned. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, and there was the red flush of fever on her face. Sitting by her side, very haggard and very watchful, was the lover whom I had lost, and whom she had only gained to lose. I was mistaken, or his cheeks were wet with tears.

"Faith—come here, dear," said Katie, in that excited whisper from which her voice was seldom free now. "Martin and I have been speaking of you—I have been telling him of his future and your own."

"Oh, Katie!" I said, in a low voice, "leave it to ourselves."

"That is what this poor fellow says," Katie continued, "but that is only to leave me in suspense, and I am very anxious to know all—to be sure of all, before I go away. I want you to tell Martin that which you have promised me—that which renders me almost content with *this!*"

"This is exciting you unnecessarily," I said, reluctantly. "Oh! leave the future to itself."

"No, no, no," cried Katie, restlessly; "it must not be. I want to be sure of your happiness with this man whom my selfishness took from you. Don't look so scared and angry, dear," she cried; "this is not the hour for reserve between us three—and for all past mistakes I would offer my atonement. Martin, I separated you and Faith—say that I bring you together again, as if I had never lived."

Martin looked at me, and I stood on the other side of the bed, by Katie's side, a speechless woman. It was as Abel Westmair had prophesied, and this was the hour of our mutual promises.

"It is your wish, Katie," said Martin, in a low voice, as his blood-shot eyes turned from me.

"It is as it should be," answered Kate, "presently you two together, loving each other very dearly, and forgetting how chance for a little while marred much affection by my interference. Your happiness and Faith's both secured at last!"

"But, Kate," I said, earnestly, as I leaned over her, "if it should be better for his happiness and mine that we should go our separate ways—if he sees that more clearly presently, or it comes to me now, with the instinct of a prophecy—if he can never love me, or it is past my power to trust in him again—why promise this to the discomfort of us both?"

Katie found strength to shake her head with energy, and the color in her cheeks deepened very much.

"You will let me die in uncertainty then," she said, fretfully; "you retract your promise—you betray me on the brink of my grave. Faith, you love Martin—I am sure you do—yours is not the nature to turn aside quickly—every word that you told me yesterday is quivering in my heart—you will forgive—you have already forgiven all—for little Katie's sake. What is to become of my poor Martin without you for his guide, his only friend, his wife? Where is the reparation I can make for all my wrong, if you will not assist me?"

"You would not make reparation at the cost of my misery, Kate," I said, leaning over her and kissing her.

"No."

"If it should be misery now to think of him, as it is for him to think of me," I said—"if I seem to have lost my love for him completely and it should never come back to me, would you wish that I should marry him?"

"No," said Katie, looking from me to Martin with a new suspicion; "but have you two said any thing?—have you quarreled again?"

I shook my head.

"Then you will love him—oh! you must love him for his truth, and faith, and depth of feeling. You can not have forgotten him yet."

His truth, faith, and depth of feeling! What mocking words at any other hour than this they would have seemed to me! What mockery of love it all was then, with the ghost of my dead lover glaring across my dying sister's bed!

"Kate," I said, "let us end this; for mercy's sake, spare yourself as well as both of us. I am bewildered."

"You made me a solemn promise yesterday," she said, wistfully regarding me; "do you retract it?"

"No," I answered, firmly.

"There, Martin—you hear!" cried Kate, exultantly.

"Is this true, Faith?" he asked of me, with a strange yearning look in his eyes that made my heart sink.

"It is true that I have promised to be your wife, should you ever in the future ask me."

"Then, Kate, you shall not die with a doubt of me—I swear it," he cried, in the madness of his despair. "Faith Kirby," he said, turning to me, "here in the presence of the girl who is so dear to both of us, I—"

"Stop!" I cried, in my excitement and alarm—yes, my alarm, for I was terrified of all that he was going to say—"respect this hour and me. I will have no offers now! I have promised her, Martin," I said, firmly, "and when your heart turns to me as of old, as if she had never lived, then I will listen to you. Now my love is dead, and all is dark before me." I sank down and buried my face in the bedclothes; I was weary of him and his protestations; step by step he seemed receding from me, and I could hear no more, and bear no more.

"Martin, leave us," said Katie, in a low voice.

I heard his footsteps cross the room, pass out of the door, and go slowly and heavily down stairs.

"Faith, dear," said Katie, in a lower voice, "what is it?"

"What is it?" I repeated.

"What is it that makes you so very wild and cruel?"

"Not cruel, Katie—Heaven forbid!"

"You have altered strangely—you do not think of me much," she murmured.

"Oh! don't say that!"

"You have not forgiven him?"

"Yes, yes—I have."

"You do not—you can not—love any one else?"

"No," I answered, "there is no one whom I love but you—no one to whom I give one thought."

"Thank you, dear," she murmured. "Presently all will be well. I am only thinking of you and Martin—I want you to be happy in good time—that's all. If I am very peevish, very restless, bear with me for a little while."

For a little while! Ah, my little Katie! only till the gray morning which came in behind the window-blind and told me of the early day, and of the dropping sands of her brief life.

"I am going," said the voice, so very low and solemn, in that awful hour of my watching—"call my poor Martin, and—remember—him!"

We three together at the last!

It was in my arms, and with Martin bending over her, that Katie passed away, and left me lonely in the world.

## Book the Last.

## ATONEMENT.

### CHAPTER I.

### VACILLATION.

FROM this date I pass over many weeks. They were like a blank to me, wherein I saw nothing but my grief and isolation. It is only now that I take note of the changes that they brought about, and that occurred within them. I knew that there was much local excitement over my Katie's death, and that all the horror of an inquest was not spared me, but these were small drops in the full cup of my bitterness. She was dead! I might have done so much for her—I might have said so much more—I might have made her life so different if I had never left her! These were my thoughts and my reproaches, taking to myself, in my vanity of grief, all that credit for my power over Kate which I had never had. Hers had been a strange life, ending strangely, and I had not been her ruling genius at any hour of it.

I buried little Katie Kirby in the country church-yard, where came many curious folk and one or two true mourners. My father did not follow his daughter; on the day he heard the news of Katie's death, he sailed away with his yacht and his friends from Lowestoft. He condescended to write to me before he went, forgiving my treachery of the preceding night, overlooking every thing, and trusting that I would not disturb him any more. He was heart-broken, irreparably heart-broken at Katie's loss, he added, and he had not the courage or the power to do any thing but go away, knowing that to remain was to strike a death-blow at himself. At the urgent request of his medical adviser, he had resolved to quit the scene of his affliction immediately; when he was better and more composed he would send me the glad tidings of his convalescence. Meanwhile, and despite my unfilial conduct, he was ever my affectionate father, Jonathan Kirby.

He said and thought nothing of my future—what was to become of me, and in what way Katie's death would affect me, had not entered into his head. He did not trust me, and of my companionship he was afraid. I knew all this; I had begun to understand my father's character at last; but I was not grieved at his neglect. I had only one grief in those early days, and all else I could bear with stony apathy.

No one sought to distract me from my grief; they who knew me best thought that it would be wisest not to attempt it, until time had healed the wound a little. Abel left me his daughter for friend and comforter, and promised to return to Lowestoft presently, and Martin went back to London with his uncle. Of Richard Simmons I saw no more. He had wished to take the responsibility of Katie's death upon himself, and, in his mad extravagance, had proclaimed at the inquest that he was her murderer; but Martin had related the facts as they occurred, and no one laid a hand upon Dick Simmons. He faced me at Katie's grave, and was a stern and sober mourner with the rest, and after that day he disappeared. This little history has no further record of him. Ettie Westmair was a true friend in my sorrow; what I should have done without her gentleness, and thoughtfulness, and loving-kindness, Heaven knows, not I. Forever afterward I was grateful, forever afterward the thought of parting with her—and that thought came to me by degrees as I looked at the world more closely—became a deeper pain. She seemed to inherit all the love I had had for Katie, and to be the only one left me in the world. Yes, she was left, and Katie had gone—when would she follow her, I wondered, remembering all that had been prophesied concerning her—all that, in her innocence and confidence, this strong-souled child was waiting for along with us.

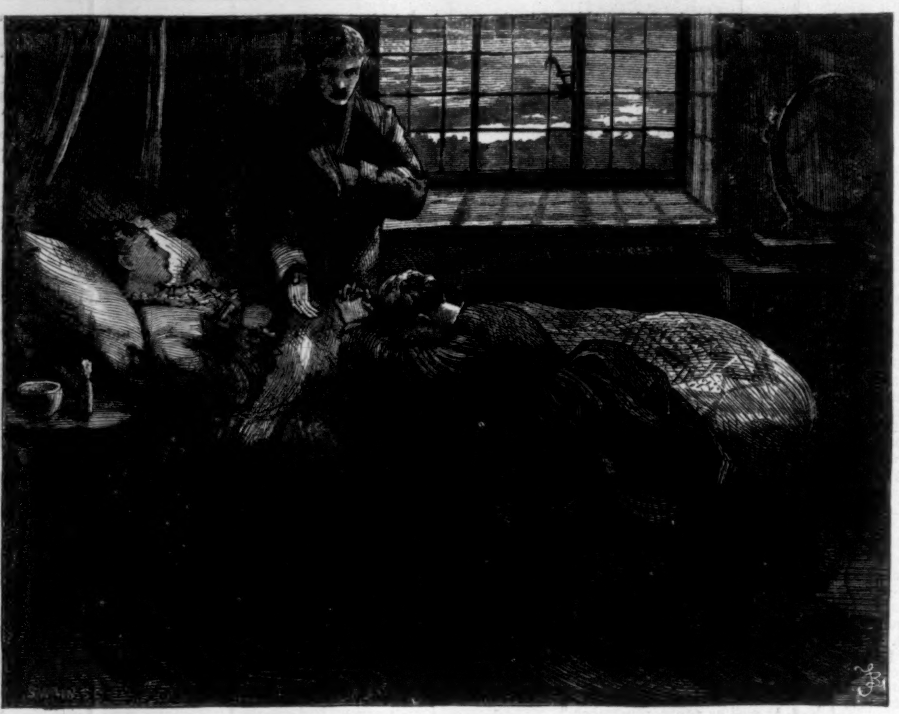
I was to leave the Westmairs' house. I hardly knew what the position was to be afterward; Aunt Jane had gone away, the master of the house had proposed to me, and then given me "warning," and there was matter for grave consideration when I came to reflect on my narrow way of life. There was not fair sailing before me. I could not glide away from anxiety, and regret, and that strange bewilderment as of a woman knowing not her own mind, as my father had glided out of Lowestoft Harbor when his troubles had seemed too much for him.

And Martin Westmair, the man I was to marry in good time, and when my love came back, how he took up the picture of my future as the days stole onward! Would "the good time" ever dawn for me, and would the love come back as Katie Kirby had prophesied that it would? It had not returned yet awhile—I was sure of that. The reminiscences of our early courtship were not in his favor; rather they stood between him and me and deterred me. They assured me that he was not true, or that it was in his power readily to forget; and that when he had spoken of his affection for me, he must have thought in those old days of her whom he had loved better than myself. Perhaps it was my pride that whispered this, and kept my heart from re-opening, for I was ambitious, and would have had the foremost place or none. Perhaps they were early days to think of Katie's wish, and to wonder why I shrank from one whom I had loved deeply, and whom I was free to love again. Perhaps Martin had the same feelings as myself, and Katie's death would ever rest upon him like a shadow, destroying every thought of me. I did not know; I had not seen him since his departure; he was discreet, and did not seek me out; he was merciful, and left me to myself.

It was late in October when Abel Westmair returned to Lowestoft.

"Ettie writes to me that she will be glad to get home," he said, as he entered the house; "I was beginning to think that she had forgotten me," he added, with acerbity.

This was his first greeting, and it jarred upon me. I had anticipated that he would be kinder and more gentle now, though I hardly knew why I had expected this from him.



LITTLE KATE KIRBY—"I SANK DOWN AND BURIED MY FACE IN THE BEDCLOTHES."

"I fear that I have been selfish in detaining her so long here, Mr. Westmair," I replied.

"You had no other friend," he answered; "what else was to be done? Besides, you are a fitter companion for Ettie than I—she likes you better than me. I read it in her letters."

This odd being was jealous of his daughter's affection for myself. This was a new trait in the character which I should never completely understand.

"No, her father stands first," I replied; "she talks of nothing but you."

His face brightened on the instant, and made a different man of him.

"I am glad of that," he said; "I was afraid that she was learning to forget me."

"Or that I was teaching her to do so?"

"You would not do that, only unwittingly, and you are so much in contrast to my own unamiability—my thoroughly bad temper," he said, mournfully. "Ettie has been many weeks away; the house has been lonely without her; and," he added quickly, and with a forced smile, "I haven't improved under solitary confinement."

"Why did you not send for Ettie before?"

Because he thought that she would be a companion for me, I fancied that he was going to say, with as much politeness as he could muster for the occasion, but he said instead,

"Because of the paint and whitewash; I have been doing up the place—and," he added, more slowly, "I knew that she was happier with you than she could ever be with me."

"There was not much chance of my making her happy," I replied, sorrowfully.

"I beg pardon," he said, "I had forgotten for the moment. How is Ettie?"

"She is well."

"She has got stronger?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe that she will die, Miss Kirby," he said, with sudden excitement; "you will remember that I never thought so—that I could not imagine God so merciless as that."

"Oh, Mr. Westmair!"

"To be left alone—totally without love, friendship, sympathy—to be generally misunderstood, frequently despised, invariably distrusted—and only that child to make life worth possessing."

"Your father?" I suggested.

"What does he know of me—or care for me, poor man?"

"Your nephew?" I was almost adding, but I was glad that I had not done so. He had never liked his nephew much, and I could not put him forward as a comfort.

"No one but Ettie," he said, letting his hands fall and rise restlessly upon his knees, "only that one in all this weary world."

I was at a loss to comprehend the reason for his excitement, or for the unceremonious manner in which he had started a topic of such moment, within a few minutes of his entrance into the house; later in the afternoon, the motive was apparent. "I have to tell you, Ettie," he said to his child, "that we are not going back to Teddington immediately."

I thought that he looked across the room as if to note the effect of his communication upon me, and it certainly surprised me. I was reading, or affecting to read, by the open window. The boxes were packed, with the exception of my own, for I was unsettled in mind and hardly knew what to do. I did not intend to return to Teddington—something restrained me from thinking of that—Abel Westmair gave me warning weeks ago—and his nephew Martin was at the business, and I could not face him.

"Not going home?" cried Ettie.

"You and I are going to Germany for a fortnight," he said.

"And Faith?" cried Ettie at once.

"Miss Kirby will not accompany us," said Abel, with solemnity; "she will proceed direct to Teddington."

I could see his watchful eyes bent in my direction, and they did not flinch as I looked up from my book, and he read my protest on my face.

"Oh! I can not part with Faith now," cried Ettie, passionately; "she must go with us, papa. She is every thing to me—what am I to do without her?"

"You must put up with me as a companion for a fortnight," he said, grimly, "and you must learn now and then to do without Miss Kirby. Why, she may think some day of leaving us, Ettie!"

"She will never leave us, unless—"

She paused, and then went on again—

"Unless she marries, and then, if I am well enough, I shall stay with her very often— May I not, Faith?" asked the child.

"You will be ever a visitor most welcome, whether I am married or unmarried, Ettie," I replied.

"There's a dear good girl for saying that. And as for this nasty German trip—"

"Ettie," said her father in a deep voice, "oblige me by withdrawing for a while. I have some instructions for Miss Kirby."

Ettie glanced nervously toward her father as she rose and left the room. Mr. Westmair brought his chair with him, and sat facing me, after she had gone.

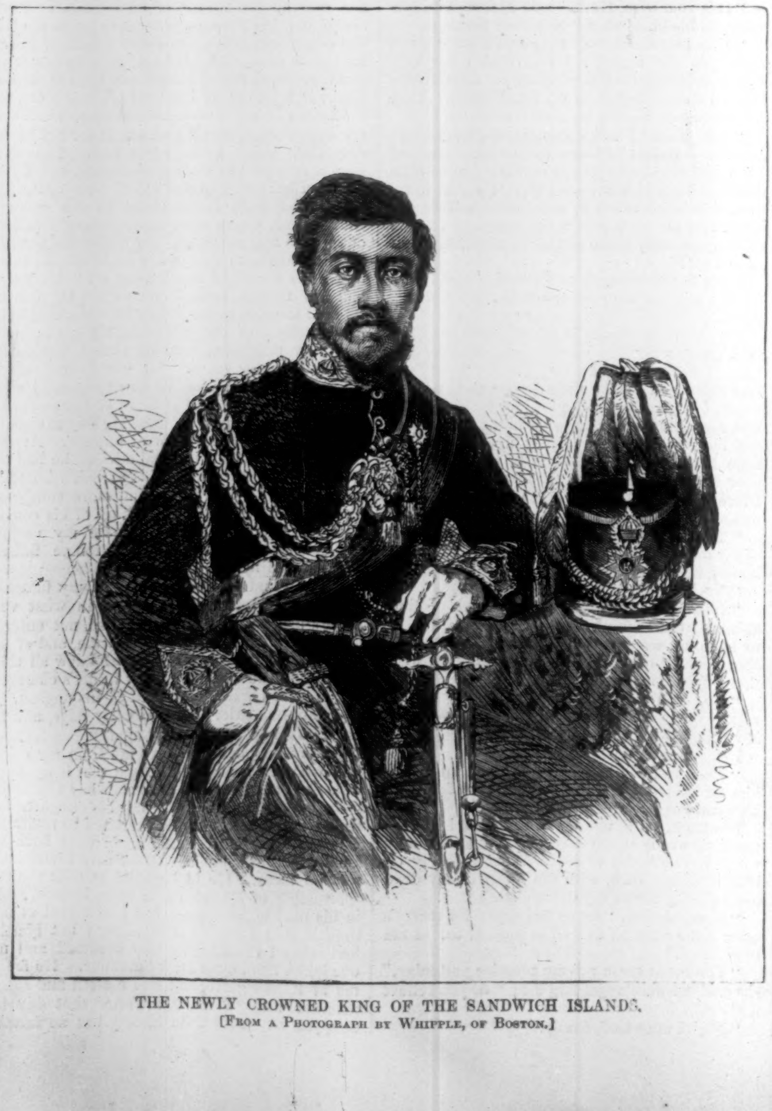
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Prince Lunalilo, the newly chosen King of the Sandwich Islands, whose portrait is given on this page, was born on the 31st of January, 1835, and is therefore but little more than thirty-seven years of age. He is the descendant of an ancient line of kings who for many years were sovereigns of the island of Maui, before the conquest by the first Kamehameha. He is the son of Hon. Charles Kanaina, who was a Privy Councilor of Nobles under Kamehamehas III., IV., and V., a man widely respected. The father is still living, but the mother of the prince, whose name was Anhea, is dead. He was liberally educated in the Royal School at Honolulu, under the direction of the American Board of Christian Foreign Missions, and is said to be as well qualified for the duties of the throne as were either of his immediate predecessors, who were educated in the same school. He is said, however, to have a weakness for tippling, that gives his friends considerable anxiety for his future.

The coronation took place on the 8th ult., on which occasion the king delivered a formal address. After alluding to the fact that this was the first occasion on which the Legislative Assembly of the kingdom had elected a sovereign, he spoke in flattering terms of the late king, and concluded thus:

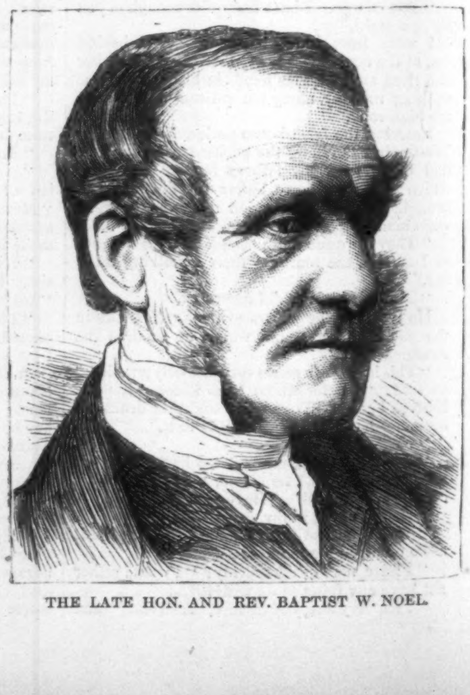
> "This nation presents a most interesting example in history of cordial co-operation of the native and foreign races in the administration of its government; and most happily, too, in all the relations of life there exists a feeling which every good man will strive to promote. The commencement of my reign is auspicious. Our relations with foreign governments are of the most friendly character, and I am satisfied will continue so if we faithfully discharge our duty in conformity with the principles of justice and comity recognized among nations. At home there is peace and a reasonable prosperity, which it will be my earnest endeavor to promote. The islands are capable of a far higher improvement than they have ever enjoyed. They have capacity enough to make a kingdom which shall command the respect of other nations, as well as to give greater comfort and happiness to a far larger number of people. We are, fortunately, placed by nature on the great ocean highway of nations. The commerce of all flags should be attracted hither by the safety of our harbors, our abundant products, and liberal laws, and the regulations of our ports. All legislation in future having in view the proper protection and promotion of our commercial relations shall meet with my hearty concurrence. There are circumstances attending my accession which arouse within me a lively sense of gratitude to the whole people. They have tendered me royalty and their cordial support, and I accept the trust imposed upon me, feeling confidence in the expression so spontaneously made. May the blessing of our Heavenly Father, without which there can be no permanent success, attend our efforts to promote the best interests of the government and people!"



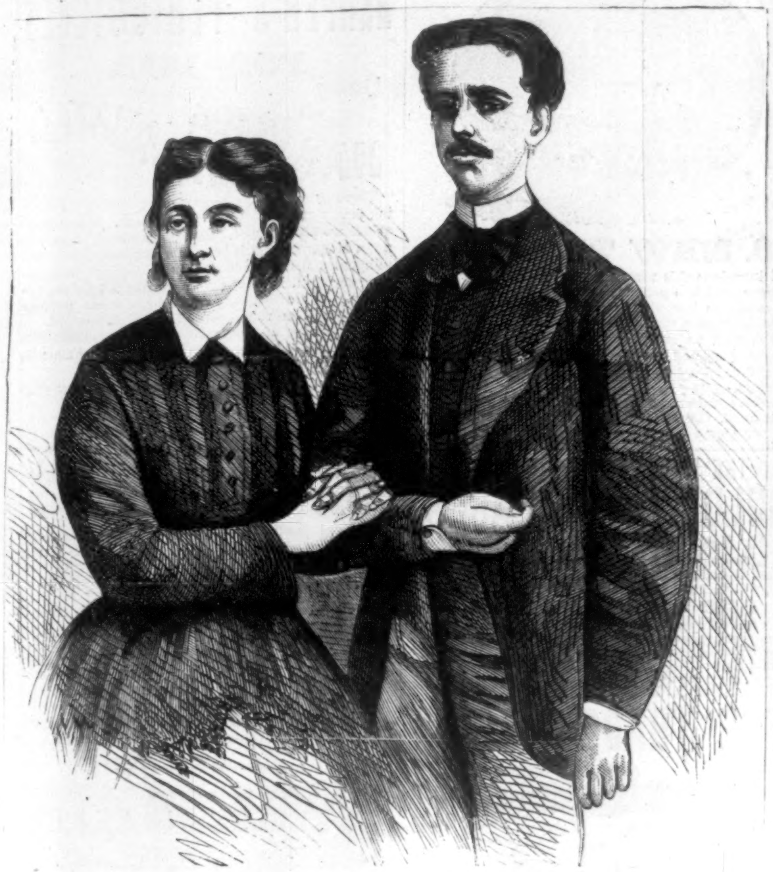
THE NEWLY CROWNED KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.
[From a Photograph by Whipple, of Boston.]

## THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL.

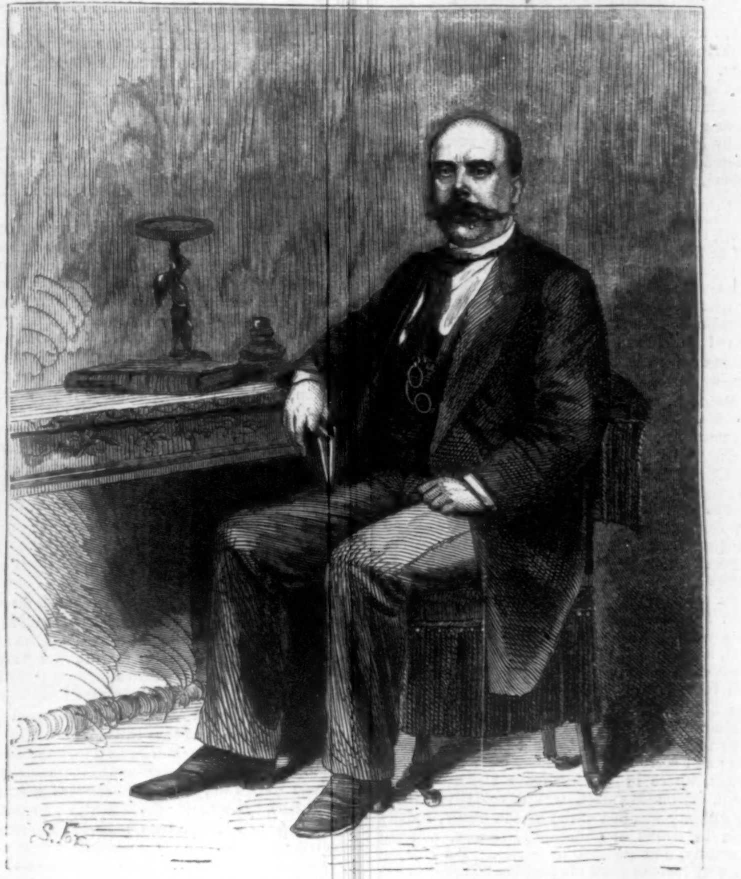
The late Hon. and Rev. Baptist Wriothesley Noel, recently deceased, was without doubt one of the most eminent and eloquent English preachers of his time, and was an ardent and consistent supporter of all unsectarian and philanthropic movements. He was the younger son of Sir Gerard Noel-Noel, Bart., and was born in the year 1799. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, he served for some time as one of the chaplains to the Queen, and in 1848 seceded from the Established Church. His activity was wonderful: up to within three years of his death he continued to perform the duties of a pastor, and when at last he resigned that office it was not to vegetate in idleness, as during the remaining years of his life he frequently appeared in the pulpit and upon the platform. He was buried in the parish church-yard of the little village of Stanmore, and his funeral was attended by a large assemblage of Non-conformist representatives and others. A portrait of the deceased follows this article.



THE LATE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL.



THE EX-KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN.



SEÑOR EMILIO CASTELAR, THE REPUBLICAN LEADER.

## SPAIN A REPUBLIC.

THE world was hardly prepared for the news of the recent sudden change of affairs in Spain, in which a throne was vacated and a republic born in a day.

The story of the transformation has already been told by the telegraph. The young King AMADEUS, weary of the burden of the crown, is believed for some time past to have resolved on its abdication at the earliest favorable moment. On the morning of the 11th of February the King announced to his ministers that he was fully determined to retire, and although strongly urged to reconsider the matter, he persisted in his purpose, and at eight o'clock in the evening the announcement of the abdication was made public; and an hour later the Cortes adopted a republican form of government by a vote of 256 to 32.

The reasons that led to the step are set forth in the formal message to the Cortes, in which the King states that when he accepted the crown he did so under the belief that the loyalty of the people who had called him would compensate for the inexperience which he brought to his task. He had found that herein he was deceived. If the enemies who had beset his path had been foreigners he would not have taken the course now determined upon; but they were Spaniards. By them Spain had been kept in perpetual disquiet. All his efforts to quiet her, or put an end to the intrigues which were the source of her agitation, had proved unavailing. It was not enough that he had a partisan support. He had no wish to remain on the throne as the king of a party.

The news occasioned the wildest excitement among the people, who thronged the streets of the cities all night long, loudly discussing the change in affairs. Here and there hot words were exchanged, and riotous demonstrations made, but these were easily suppressed, and at latest advices order reigned in Madrid and throughout the provinces, except where the Carlist revolution prevails.

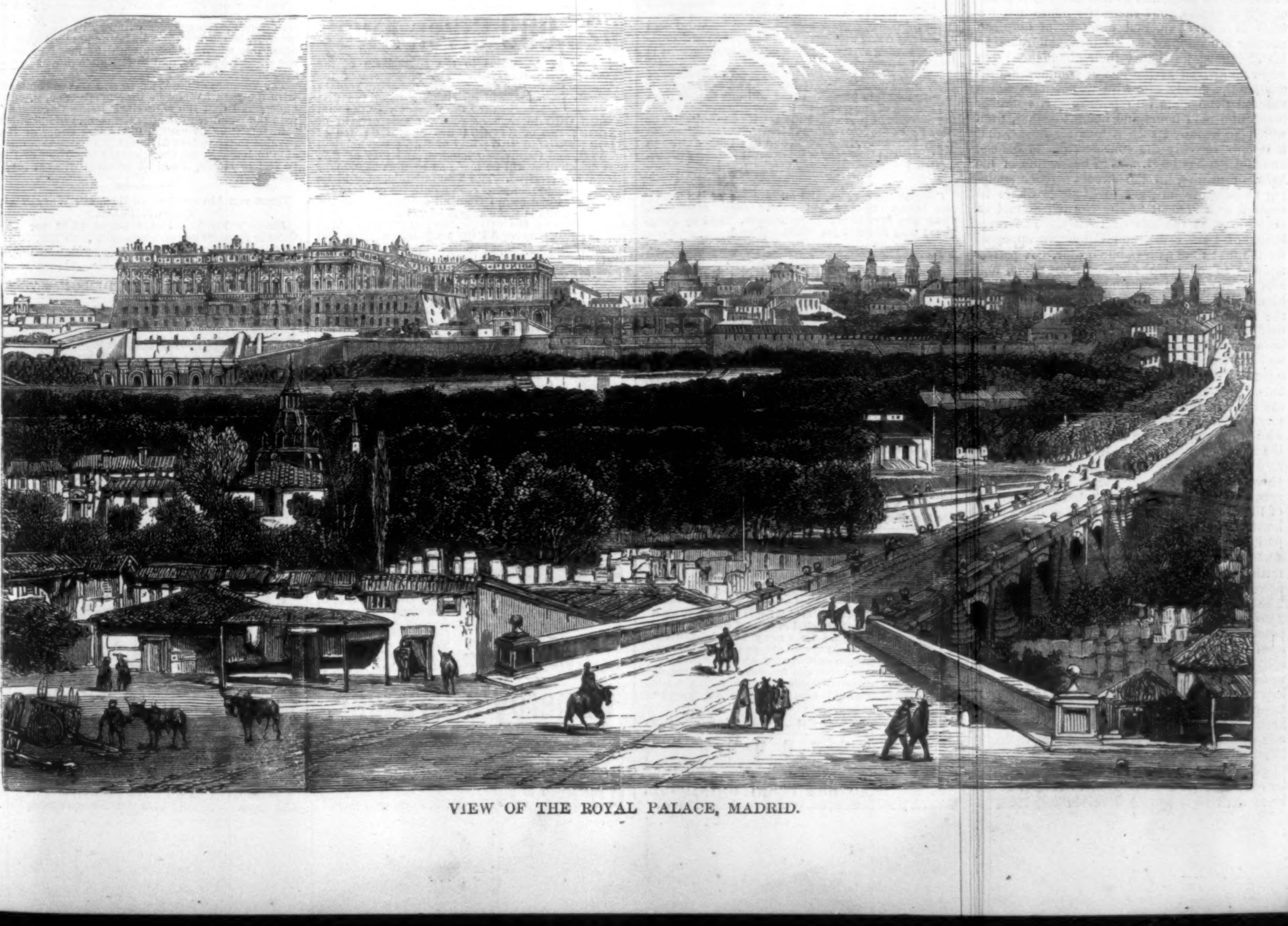
King AMADEUS, whose portrait, with that of the Queen, is shown on this page, ascended the Spanish throne in November, 1870. He is Prince AMADEUS FERDINAND MARIA, third child of King VICTOR EMANUEL of Italy and Queen MARIA ADELAIDE, and was born in Turin May 30, 1845. His title of Duke of Aosta is derived from a little Piedmontese town at the foot of the pass of St. Bernard. He is a lieutenant-general in the Italian army, and commands a brigade of cavalry, and, aside from his reign on the Spanish throne, has seen but little of public life. In 1867 he married a young lady two years younger than himself—VICTORIA CARLOTTA HENRIETTA GIANNA DEL POZZO DELLA CISTEMA. She is the daughter of Prince CHARLES DEL POZZO DELLA CISTEMA and of a Countess of Merode. Both of her parents have died during the last few years.

On this page we also present a view of the Royal Palace of Madrid. It is a vast pile, which was built by King PHILIP V. in 1737. It is a square of 470 feet each way, and 100 feet high, situated between the Plaza del Oriente and the little river Manzanares, by which the city is skirted.

The new government elected by the Cortes is as follows:

FIGUERAS, for President of the Council, received 244 votes.
CASTELAR, Minister of Foreign Affairs, 245 votes.
CORDOBA, Minister of War, 239 votes.
PI Y MARGALL, Minister of the Interior, 243 votes.
NICOLAS SALMERON, Minister of Justice, 242 votes.
FRANCISCO SALMERON, Minister of the Colonies, 238 votes.
BERANGER, Minister of Marine, 246 votes.
BECERRA, Minister of Public Works, 233 votes.
ECHEGARAY, Minister of Finances, 242 votes.

FIGUERAS was born in the city of Barcelona on the 13th of November, 1819. After a course of preliminary studies at the public school he studied philosophy at Cevera, and later at Tarragona. While still a student he took a deep interest in politics, upholding liberal ideas, affiliating himself among the *progresistas*, representing then the most radical aspirations of the young men of the times. The year 1840 found him affiliated with the republican party, and among the first to adopt its theories. After the events of 1842, culminating in the bombardment



VIEW OF THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

of Barcelona, he separated himself from this party, becoming editor of the *Constitucional*, with Mata and Ribot. He was opposed to the overthrow of Espartero, apprehending direful results. In 1851 he was elected representative to the Cortes for the first district of Barcelona. In 1854 he was a member of the Tarragona Revolutionary Committee, voting against the monarchy in 1854. In 1862 he was a second time elected to the Cortes for the first district of Barcelona, opposing the liberal party. He took an active share in the second revolutionary attempt in 1866, and was incarcerated by Narvaez in 1867, together with Rivera. During the crisis ending in the downfall of Isabella II., in 1868, he was appointed a member of the Revolutionary Committee and judge of the Congressional district of Madrid. During the canvass for the election of members to the present Cortes he received the unanimous nominations of the districts of Barcelona, Tortosa, Vich, and Madrid, and was elected in the former two places.

Señor Emilio Castelar, Minister of Foreign Affairs, is known the world over as one of the foremost leaders and exponents of Spanish republicanism. He was born in Cadiz September 8, 1832. His father, Don Manuel Castelar, belonged to an honest, respectable family of agents of exchange in Alicante; and his mother, Donna Maria Antonia Ripolle, was the daughter of an advocate and land-holder of the same city. They were married in 1819, a little before the revolution of Riego. Both families were passionately devoted to the liberal cause. Don Manuel Castelar, who was at the time very young, was compromised in the insurrection, and when the King succeeded in restoring the absolute monarchy, was condemned to death, and forced to emigrate, passing seven years in the English possessions, and especially in Gibraltar. In the year 1831 the husband and wife, who had been forced by this banishment to a long and sorrowful separation, were reunited in Cadiz, where in 1832 Emilio Castelar was born. Don Manuel was devoted to study. His library was one of the best in Cadiz, equally rich in works of philosophy, history, political economy, and general literature. He enjoyed an easy income from his position of agent of exchange in that city, as he had in Alicante. His intention was always to devote his son to the career of letters and science; but in 1839, having made a journey to Madrid, he died at that capital, leaving his family, whose only patrimony was the earnings of their head, almost without resources. But Donna Maria Antonia Ripolle, thus left a widow in the flower of her youth, a woman gifted with extraordinary courage and an equal capacity, devoted herself exclusively to the education of her son. She labored to carry out the intention of her husband to fit him for usefulness to his family and his country by a brilliant literary and scientific education. All that was most valuable of the library was retained, in spite of ruin and misfortune, to contribute to this end. She would not, however, have been able to accomplish it but for the generous assistance of her sister, Donna Maria Francesca Ripolle, who was married and resided in Elda, a town in the province of Alicante, a lady of unusual beauty and goodness, who opened to the widow the doors of her comfortable home, and received as her children the two orphans, Emilio and his eldest sister, Concepcion Castelar. This act of benevolence made one family of both, and at this day the orphans of this generous aunt share the house and the table of Castelar, and the sons of his dead cousins are adopted as his own children. In his childhood he shared their abundance; but when he arrived at the age of commencing his studies the family met with misfortunes which reduced them almost to poverty. His mother made him read hours and hours together, from which he acquired such a love for books, that it is only recently the consideration of his age and position has been able to break him of the habit of reading in the streets. After studying at Alicante he went to Madrid, where he entered as a student of the Normal School of Philosophy, at the age of twenty. The revolution of 1854 came, and Castelar appeared for the first time as a public orator. A perfect tempest of applause followed the effort, and ever afterward the multitudes thronged to hear him. But he was not content with occupying the rostrum only. He became also a contributor to the literature of the day, and in this soon won for himself great distinction. He was the first editor of *El Tribune*, and subsequently was connected with other leading journals. In December, 1856, he was appointed to the chair of the Critical and Philosophical History of Spain in the University of Madrid, and while thus employed he found time to deliver in the Athenæum his famous lectures on *The History of Civilization*. At about the same time he wrote a pamphlet on *The Formula of Progress*, which made a deep impression on the minds of those who read it. The most striking part, however, of Castelar's political career was that period in which he figured as the editor of *La Democracia*, the first number of which went forth on the 1st of January, 1864, wielding great power in shaping the political events of Spain. The same year, through a leading article in *La Democracia*, he defeated the nefarious loan proposed by Barzanallana. His influence was soon felt even in colonial matters, and on the split of his party he carried the majority, preventing the rupture of the democratic party—its supremacy being acknowledged by the Central Committee. On the occurrence of the disturbances on the 22d of June, 1866, the council of war sitting in Madrid condemned him to death. Fortunately he evaded their minions, and under disguise crossed the frontier into France. There he remained as a contributor to several magazines until the September revolution, 1868, offering the return to his native country, the Provincial government reinstated him in his professorship. In this capacity he exerted his influence to strengthen republican ideas among his countrymen, stumping the country in opposition to the monarchical tendencies of the leaders. He was, at the abdication of King Amadeus, a representative for Zaragoza, in which capacity he has rendered valuable services to the cause of the people. He has now received the just tribute to his merit, upon being made the recipient of the important trust in the new cabinet in this great crisis of his country.

Señor Castelar, whose portrait is given on page 181, is already familiarly known to American readers through his masterly and eloquent papers in *Harper's Magazine* on *The Republican Movement in Europe*. This series, which has been interrupted for a brief period, will shortly be resumed. The next papers in the series will treat of republicanism in Germany.

Castelar's recent speech in the Cortes on the abolition of slavery in the colonies is very suggestive in connection with his present position as Minister of Foreign Affairs, especially in the orator's indirect reference to the importance and fitness of the appeal made to the Spanish government by our own in behalf of emancipation and the establishment of municipal government in Cuba and Porto Rico.

## PEARLS.

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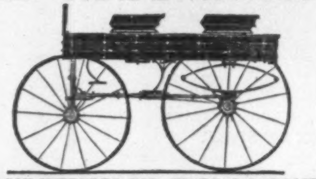

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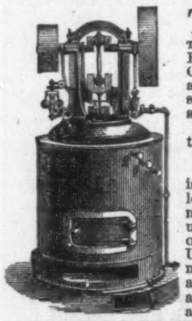

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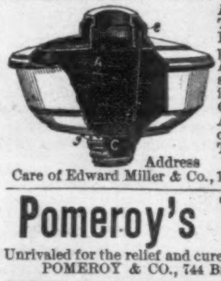

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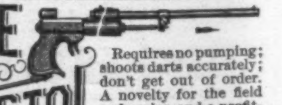

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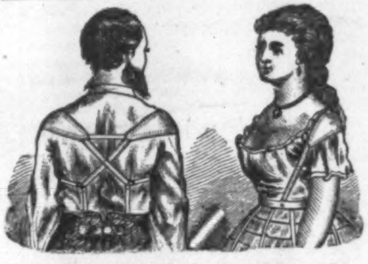

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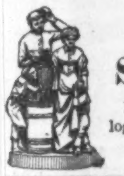

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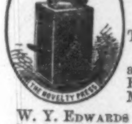

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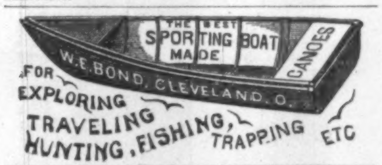

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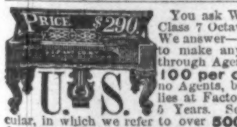

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| CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old) | " 27 |
| BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old) | " 29 |
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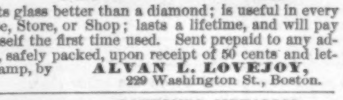

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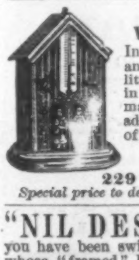

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